


MacTernan Prize Essay.—I.

IRISH PROSE

BY

REV. PATRICK DINNEEN

Published for the Society for the Preservation of
the Irish Language.



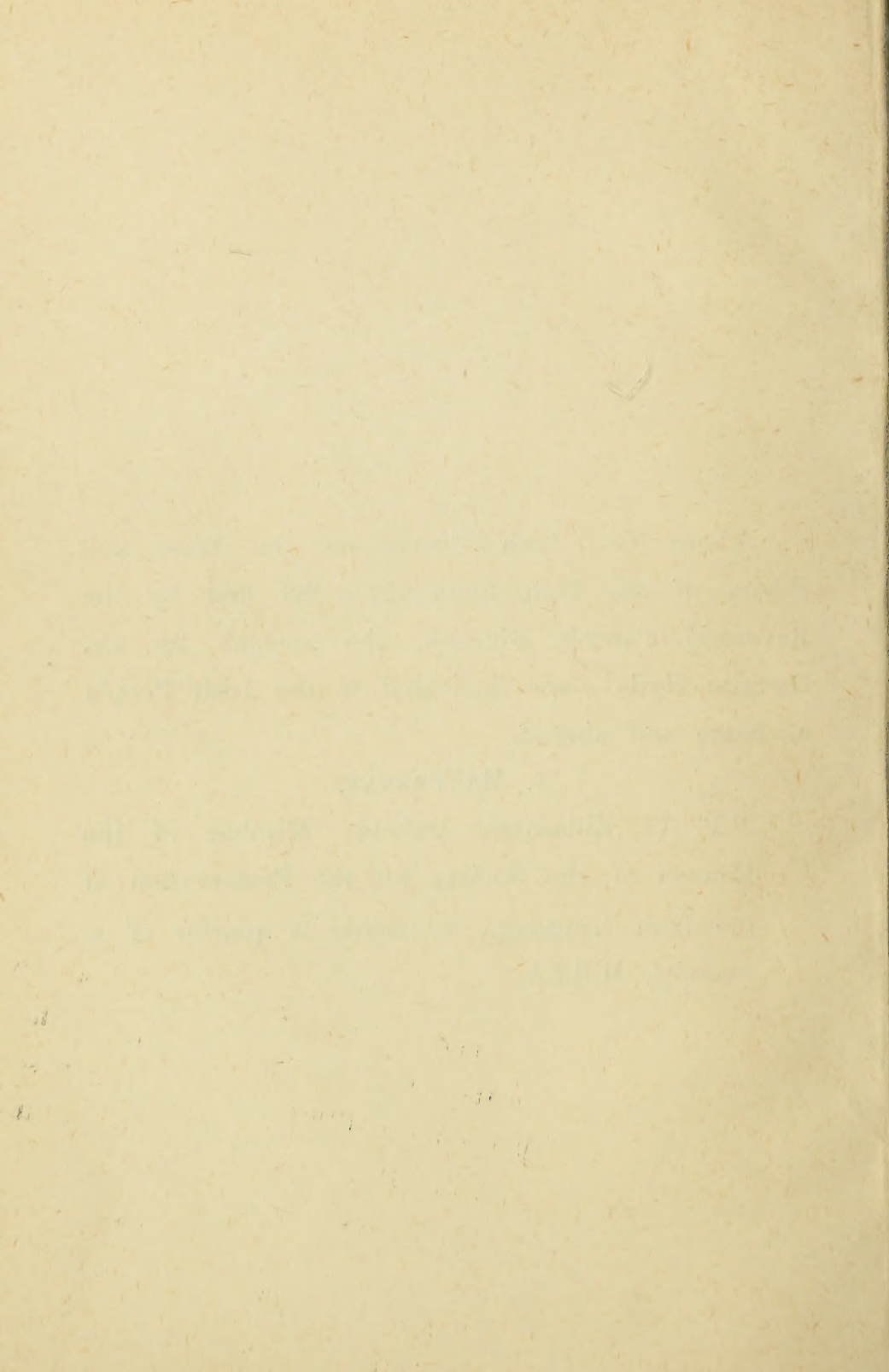
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Those two Irish Essays on the Prose and Poetry of the Irish Language—the first by the Reverend Patrick Dinneen, the second by Dr. Douglas Hyde—are dedicated to the Irish People at home and abroad.

S. MACTERNAN,

P.P. of Killasnett, Ireland; Member of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language for nearly a quarter of a century, M.R.I.A.



MacTernan Prize Essays, No. 1.

TRÁCTANNA
AR SON DUAISE MÍC TÍGEARNÁIN—I.

prós gaeòealač.

Tráct 1 nGaeòilg, maille le n-a airtiuuḡaó
1 mbéarla, aḡur foclóir.

leir an
Aḡair páoraiḡ ua Duinnín.

uḡair “Cormaic uí Conaill,” “Cille hÁinne,” 7c.

—o—

Ar na cúir amač

554898

II. 12.52

oo

cumann buan-coimeáda na gaeòilge.

1 mbaile-áta-cliač:

le

m. h. ḡill 7 a mac, 1 sráid uí Conaill.

1902.

MacTernan Prize Essays==I.

IRISH PROSE,

AN ESSAY IN IRISH WITH TRANSLATION IN
ENGLISH AND A VOCABULARY,

BY

REV. PATRICK DINNEEN,

Author of "CORMAC O'CONNELL," "KILLARNEY," &c.


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PREFACE.

THE following Essay on "Irish Prose" owes its existence to the generosity of Very Rev. Fr. Stephen MacTernan, P.P., who placed a hundred pounds in the hands of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, with a view to procuring two essays in Irish, dealing with the entire field of Irish literature. The vastness of the subject chosen, and the limitation as to the length of the Essay, made the task one of great difficulty. An adequate treatment of early Irish prose literature alone would require several volumes. A difficulty, too, which at first sight seemed insurmountable, arose from the entire absence in modern Irish of the technical terms which are the ordinary stock in trade of the literary historian and critic. But a beginning must be made in this direction, and aesthetic criticism must be cultivated in Irish, if that language is to make good its claim to be heard as a living speech amid the babel of European tongues. Indeed, there is no greater want at the present moment to the student of Irish, than a sound, sympathetic, literary appreciation of Irish literature, whether ancient or modern. No literature with which I am acquainted requires more exceptional treatment or more careful handling than

ours. Ancient Irish literature stands alone, at once the relic and record of a distinct, unique and isolated civilization. It would be uncritical to judge "The Bruidhen Da Derga," for instance, as one might judge the *Æneid*. It bears, indeed, marks of distinct kinship with the Plays of *Æschylus*; but it is far less important to dwell on its remote resemblances to the great classic masterpieces, than to study carefully and sympathetically the work itself. Modern Irish literature, both prose and verse is unique and isolated, and refuses to reveal its beauties to those who approach it with minds set in fixed grooves by the reading of modern European writers, and with a stock of conventional phrases drawn from manuals of literature.

A distinct and isolated literature connotes a distinct and isolated civilization, and a distinct and isolated race. We cannot study the characteristics of a race or civilization if we come to their literary monuments with a stock of pre-conceived conventionalities. Our literature must be taken as a whole, we must study its rise, development and decline. We must trace the marks of unmistakable indentities that it reveals at different periods, we must study it in the concrete, as it is the direct outcome of periods of peaceful prosperity or of religious enthusiasm, or again, of a national cataclysm of unexampled violence. Whether Irish literature, taken as a whole, is inferior, say, to German or Spanish literature taken as a whole, is a question that may interest the literary theorist, but it is a question, that to

my thinking is far less important than this : what are the distinct features of Irish literature ? What does it tell us of the historic mind of our race ? What message does it bear us across centuries of political turmoil, of religious zeal, of fire and blood ? It is the voice of vanished generations of our forefathers. It has its faults and weaknesses, no doubt, but a critical study of it will reveal rare beauties of style and language, and a genuine, enthusiastic, overflowing, human sympathy, which, if carefully fostered, is calculated to act on the present generation as a refreshing breeze from the bosom of the west.

ΠΑΤΡΑΙΣ ΗΑ ΟΥΝΝΗΝ.

clár an leabhair.

	leathanac.
An Céad Alt.	
Na Sean-úir-rigéalta i gCoitíann ...	2
An Dara hAlt.	
Togail bhuiríne Dá Deiríga ...	18
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πρός ζαεϋεαλας.

prós ðæðealað.

—o—

an ðeaðalt.

— —

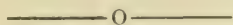
na sean-úir-sgeálta í gcoitciann.

Cialluigeann príóir, nó caint ríurta, í gcoitciann, ðað aon traðar ríurinne ná fuil í meaðar. Do príir na bríos reo áirínísteair oibneada reanðair, ðeimealað, aður úrlaðra coitcian na noaoineað í mearð oibnead príóir. Aðt tá bríos eile leir an bfochal ná tógann an méir rín air fað irteað. Cialluigeann ré ríurinn nó oráir ceapuíste le ðliocar litrugeaðta ír ná fuil fuinte í meaðar; aður do príir na bríos rann, ní áirínísteair oibneada tráðtar air na méirteannairb, nó air algebría, í mearð oibnead príóir.

Ír léir ður féirir o'obair príóir beir fuinte le ðliocar móir litrugeaðta, aður ír ðeimín ná fuil ó n-a lán ríob aðt meaðar cum beir 'n-a laoróðirb. Ínr na halðairb reo leannar tráðtaraimíð, an cúir ír mó, air an bpríóir litrugeaðta.

Ír mó-ðeacair an obair tráðt air príóir ðæðealað, óir ír mó-ðeacair teaðt air an méir atá le raðbáil ðe. Tá an cúir ír mó do ríurinnirb ðæðealaða ðan cup í ðcloð fóir. Tá ríao ríuríste inr na leaðarilánnairb

IRISH PROSE.



CHAPTER I.



THE OLD ROMANCES IN GENERAL.

Prose, or “unbound” language, signifies in general every kind of writing that is not in metre. According to this signification, works of history and genealogy, and the common speech of the people are reckoned as prose. But there is another signification of the word that does not extend it to all these. It signifies writing or discourse conceived with literary skill, and which is not composed in metre; and according to this meaning, works treating of the stars, or of algebra, are not reckoned amongst prose works.

It is plain that a prose work may be composed with high literary skill, and, indeed, several such works only want metre to make them poems. In these chapters we shall treat chiefly of literary prose.

It is very difficult to treat of Irish prose, as it is no easy matter to reach what is extant of it. The greater part of Irish writings is yet unpublished. They are scattered throughout the great libraries of Europe, and

móra ar fuaio na h-Boirpa, ašur tá úmóir dá bfuil i
 gcloó síob i n-íuileabhaib ná bíonn a tairteal ar
 na daoimib i gcoitcáinn, aét amáin ar an doir foglumta.
 Ní hé rin amáin, aét tá an ppiór litmužeácta ceilte,
 folužte inr na leabhaib lám-řzpióbtá řéin, i tpeo
 žur veacair iao to řoláctar, an řair atá cpioicirde
 žeinealaiž, ir a leičéirirde inr žac don ball. Ir řiur,
 leiř, žur čuž na řcoláimrde žaeóealača a bpióm-airie
 to'n řpiór to čpaob-řžaoilřeao na cpiuao-řocair žaeó-
 ealača atá le řažbáil inr na řean-leabhaib, nó to
 čabairřao eolar síinn ar nóraib ar řimřear, nó to
 řiérteočao žac cpiuair-čeirť oári řeančar, nó to čabair-
 řao cunnťar cinnťe ar řean-liorair ir ar řean-řoč-
 pačair na típe, ir žur řéanaoair na húir-řžéaltá, na
 táimrde ir žac tráčť eile a bí řuinte le žliocar lit-
 mužeácta. Uime rin aoéairřair an leižčéoiri neam-
 čuizřeanač, ar leižeao na leabair řain, žur b'řin é an
 řažar litmužeácta bí ar řao ašainn, ašur aš bualač a
 láime ar an "Čpioicum Scotóřum," o'řiařpióčao řé
 síot: "An é rin an řažar litmužeácta atá le tair-
 beánač i nžaeóilž ašair? Má'ř é, ní řiu é o'řogluim
 ná oiač ar biť o'řažbáil uair."

Tá ppiór mar an "Čpioicum Scotóřum" inr žac don
 teanžain řan Boirup, cioč nač ceairť ppiór litmužeácta
 to žlaooáč air, taoč le taoč le řžéaltair ir řtáirčair
 lán to bpeážčáčť ir o'řiomáizčáčť, ir cpiřta le čéile žo
 bpióžmar, žairťa, řuaiméantařair. 'N-a čeannťa řain
 ir marť an comairťa ar ar litmužeáčť žo bfuil cunnťar

the greater part of those pieces that have been published is confined to magazines, not within the reach of the people in general, but only of the learned. Nay, further, the prose pieces of literary value are stowed away and concealed even in the manuscripts, so that it is difficult to find them, while chronicles and genealogies and the like are to be found everywhere. It is true, moreover, that Irish scholars gave their first attention to prose works that would serve to elucidate the difficult Irish words that are to be found in the old books, or that would throw light for us on the customs of our ancestors, or that would unravel the vexed problems of our history, or that would give an exact account of the ancient forts and ruins of the country, and that they avoided the romances, the accounts of cattle spoils and the other tracts that were composed with literary skill. For this reason the unskilled reader, on reading their works, would imagine that we had no other kind of literature but this, and he might ask you, placing his hand on "The Chronicum Scotorum," "Is this the only sort of literature that you have to show in Irish? If it be, then, it is not worth studying or being at all concerned about."

There is prose like "The Chronicum Scotorum," though we should not call it literary prose, in every language in Europe, side by side with tales and tracts full of beauty and imaginativeness, and composed with skill, force, and spirit. Besides, it is a good sign of our literature that we have an account of our ancestors as

cōm cinn̄te aṃ aṃ p̄n̄p̄eap̄aib̄ aḡaṃn̄ iṛ t̄á le léiḡeāó
 'ṛan "Ĉm̄onicum Scotórum," 'ṛan "leab̄aṃ ḡab̄ála,"
 iṛ i n-a leiṛéiṛib̄. Deap̄b̄aṛo leab̄aṃ t̄á p̄aḡaṛ ḡo
 p̄aib̄ na t̄aoine t̄áin̄ḡ p̄om̄aṃn̄ c̄l̄iṛte cūm ḡač n̄iō t̄o
 b̄aṃ le n-a n̄oúṛč̄aṛ t̄o p̄ḡp̄úṛaó. Tuḡaṛo na leab̄aṃ
 p̄eo, leiṛ, a lán p̄eap̄a t̄óṃn̄n̄ aṃ n̄eṛib̄ b̄aṃeap̄ le n-aṃ
 leiṛp̄ḡeāóč̄, b̄iōó nač leiṛp̄ḡeāóč̄ iāo p̄éin.

Δὲν νὶ ῥάσαν ραιν ἕαν λιτμῖεαὲτ ρινν, ἀγυρ τάιο
 ρολάιμυοε na ηεορρα ανοιρ ἀγ λυαὸ ἀρ ρεαν-λιτμῖ-
 εαὲτα, ἀγυρ 'ἕα μιάο νά ρυιλ α λειτέιο τὰ haoιρ le
 ραḡbáil 'ραν τομᾶν.

17 ἡ μὲν λῆν-νε, ἦσαν τῆλιγιὸ ἀτά κεαρπιῖτε οὐῖνν,
 τυαιμυῖς εἰσιν το ἑαβαίτ ἀν ἀν βρηόρ ῥαεθεαλαῖ, ἀτ
 νί φείτοιρ οὐῖνν ἐ ῥο λέιν το ῥῥμύσαθ, ἡ τὰ βηίῖς ῖν
 νήλ ἀγαινν ἀτ φοιλῖνυῖαθ εἰσιν το ὀέαναν ἀν ἀν
 ῥουτο ἡ φεάιν τε, ἡ ἰαιμιαθ ἀν ἀν λέιῖῖτεοιν ἐ το
 λέιῖεαθ ὁό φέιν.

17 1-ao cáiliúe coitcíanna an tsean-þríosir. Saeðealais
ná neart 17 fariðþreacht íomáigedacta, dactamlaact foill-
riðte 17 ceartaact máirte. Tráctaro a lán dár sean-
rgéaltaib ar neart tharoidedacta; marí d'eanann an
tharoidedact d'íte do d'aoimib, 17 cuimeann maire 17
fuinneam 17 óige ar íean-daoimib críona, foimibte,
fanna; marí d'eanann ríog-biuð doimmar, fairring, iol-
biaðact, 1 n-a mbíto mná uairle, rpreiamla ag ól 17
ag doibnear 1 reommarib d'edacta, do bótáinín d'oríca
deataig. Act 17 geall le tharoidedact féin maire 17
áilne na n-úir-rgéal ro 1 fariðþreacht, 1 mbiactmaib
briogmama, 17 1 n-íomáigedact. Ag léiged na n-éact

exact as that which may be read in "The Chronicum Scotorum," in "The Book of Invasions" and such like. Such books prove that the people who came before us were skilled in investigating all things relating to their country. Besides, these books though not themselves literature, give us much information pertaining to our literature.

But we are not, on that account, without a literature, and the scholars of Europe are at present drawing attention to our ancient literature, and proclaiming that, for the age in which it was written, it has no equal in the world.

We propose in the space assigned to us to give some account of Irish prose, but we cannot investigate the whole of it, and therefore, it only remains for us to give some description of the best portion of it, and to beg the reader peruse it for himself.

The common characteristics of early Irish prose are wealth of imagery, brilliancy of description and propriety of expression. Many of our old authors describe the power of wizardry; how it transforms men into gods and imparts beauty and vigour and youth to weak, withered, and feeble old age; how it converts a dark, smoky cabin into a royal mansion, bright, spacious, rich in viands, where fair, noble dames drink and enjoy themselves in halls of airiness. But the beauty and splendour of these romances, their richness of forceful language, and their imagery act like magic itself. As we read these wondrous events we are treading

ro dúinn, ir é fóto cuimhna na hÉireann atá fá n-
 gcoiribh. Glaise an féiri, cuimhnaíocht na gcoiribh ir na
 doir, an t-aeir cuimh, cnearta, roghaí, an cneán,
 an fánaí, an bán rocair, nó-ghla, na móinféiri breáí,
 bláí, an áirí meir, binn-ghláí — cuimh rin
 uile i n-uimhnaíocht dúinn go bfuilimid as riubal ar bántaibh
 míne píreí Cille Dara, nó na míre, nó i gcoimhnaíocht
 do Baile-Átha-Chlaí, mar a bfuilimid na boirí-
 doir, nó le haer Eamain
 Maí, nó timcheall Éireanna Meirí.

Ní gan eolair, leir, atáimid ar na fearaibh ir ar na
 mnáibh do bfuilimid iomairí inir na n-úirí-
 ghláí — firi cneir, cuimh, áirí-meirí, fearaí, ullamh
 cum maíreí do óenairí do naíre; mná áirí,
 maíreí, foirí, ghláí, lán-áirí. Imairí
 na cuimhí, ir leirí dúinn go bfuilimid ar fóto na
 hÉireann, asur i bfuilimid ar naíreí tíreí
 féir. Áirí ní hionnair an tíre atá oirí inir na ghláí
 ir tá i n-uirí. Do hoileir na firi reo le cleirí
 fíreí asur do cleirí anir ir cuimhí bfuilimid
 ir cuimhí. Maíreí úirí ná fíreí fá óirí na
 píreí. Bíonn fíreí asur cúirí na ghláí, lúirí
 fíreí ar bfuilimid gláí na n-áirí. Téir fíreí asur
 fíreí ar leirí Cíle Lúir, ir clúirí an fíreí ir an
 fíreí, ir ní le fíreí ná le ceolairí tíreí, áirí
 le míre a gcoir. Ní gan fíreí ir fíreí a bíre i gcoimhnaíocht,
 ir bíonn fíreí caíre fíreí le híreí 'n-a
 timcheall.

Ir tapair lúirí íreí na mná leir, asur ní as baile

on the fragrant Irish sward. The verdure of the grass, the fragrance of the boughs and of the shrubs, the calm, pleasant delightful air, the hillock, the slope, the level, verdant pasture, the beautiful, blooming meadows, the rapid, sweet-sounding stream, all these remind us that we are treading the smooth, level plains of Kildare or of Meath, or in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where we behold the fierce waves ever a-rocking by the force of winds, or beside Eamhain Macha or round Cruachan of Maev.

Nor are we unacquainted with the men and women we meet in these romances—brave men, strong, highspirited, wrathful, ready to forgive an enemy; beautiful, splendid women, cheerful, merry, vivacious. In such a company, we perceive we stand on Irish soil and with our own countrymen. But the state of the people in these romances is different from that of the people of to-day. These men were bred to be proficient in the chase and they habituated themselves to the difficulty and hardships of war and conflicts. They live the greater part of their lives in the open air, they range the woods, they lay them down on the green margins of the rivers. They hunt on the plains of Clár Luirc, and they chase the deer and wolf, not with dogs and the music of trumpets, but with their fleetness of foot. They are never without shield and spear, and the din of battle is ever heard around them.

The women, too, are active and vigorous, and they

fanann ríad. Ní gan ríodairé ir ríól bheac a bíonn ríad, aét ir mó atá a n-ócar ar lairir a gclach-morag ná ar éadairib péarlacá cum cioróte na briaúisgte reo ro ríadac. Atá veirir eile iorir na ríoinib reo ir ar n-óoinib féin. Tá an tír i n-a gcomnuisgíro neam-rpleadac. Ní amáin ná fuil eagla oirca iorim amaraib na n-eactrann, aét beirio ar uairib a gcuro feirge ar veirg-fiuacá tpearna na mara go rleibtib ir ríaingíob Alban. Do bí, fór, a n-úrlabha féin aca, ir níor gabaó úóib beir ag briaúiríeact i mbeárla a namao.

Aét cuirtear atáriuúgac iongantac ar na neitib reo go léir le ríadairíeact ó'n uúgar. Atáriuúgíeann rí na ririr ir na mná ro, ir véanan rí laócra ir bain-tigear-naisge, nó véite ir bain-veíte úóob. Ní le híomáigíeact rícal véantar an t-atáriuúgac ríin, aét le neair ríoll-rígte iongantais i n-a gcuirtear geara ar an ríomán ar ríad cum ríul i gcomóirar leo i ríréine ir i léir-maire. Tá gac éact, gac ríur, gac ríeac, gac ríóir, atáriuúisgte le cumar ríadairíeacta an uúgar. Tugair na gairgíobis cuairt móir-ríomíeall na gcoillteac cóm héarcaró, abairó leir na ríadairib, ir úúirgíro ríúo ar a brial-tigíob, ir beirio oirca ríul a ríúro i brio. Ir áir, ríat-amáil, maireamáil iad na cuiró reo; cuirio rímacat ar atácaib, ir fuarglao maigíeana bíonn i n-óair-bíurio. Ir corímáil le ríóiom na ríóime 'ran ngeimíeacó cómúisgteac ríuam a nra ag gabáil ar a céile. Tá a líurí caéta cóm ríadair le glóir na ríuacó-tonn mar

do not stay at home. They are not without silks and speckled satin, but they trust more to the light of their fascinating eyes than to pearly robes, to win the hearts of the hunters. There is another difference between these people and those of our own day. The country in which they live is independent. Not only are they not afraid of the attacks of foreigners, but they sometimes go across the sea in seething wrath, to the mountains and fastnesses of Alba. They possessed, moreover, their native speech, and they had no need to stammer in the dialect of their enemy.

But all these things undergo a wonderful transformation, through the magic power of the author. That magic power changes those men and women into heroes and noble ladies, or into gods and goddesses. It is not by imaginativeness of language that this transformation is wrought, but by means of wonderful description, in which the whole world is pressed into service to furnish comparison for them in valour and in beauty. Every great deed, every journey, every spoil, every pursuit becomes transfigured by the author's magic charm. The heroes range over the woods as swiftly, as vigorously as the wild-deer; these they awaken from their dens, and catch before they have run long. These warriors are tall, handsome, beautiful; they subdue giants, and release maidens who are kept in captivity. Like to the noise of the storm in the wild winter is the noise of their spears, as they crash against one another. Their battle cry is as wild as the roar of the angry

ʙʙʙʙʙ ʒan ʔaoʔʔeam̃ aʔ 1nʔ ʔaʔʔʔʔe. 1ʔ maʔ ʔeʔnʔ
 aʔanta ʔa ʔeʔʔeʔ le ʒaʔʔ-ʒaʔʔ a ʔʔeʔʔ ʔa an ʔʔʔ-
 aʔaʔʔ. ʔʔ ʔo ʔeʔʔ cleaʔ coʔʔaʔc, maʔ ʔʔeʔʔaʔ ʔ
 nʔʔʔ ʔaʔ, ʔo cʔʔʔaʔʔe a ʔʔʔeʔʔa. ʔʔʔʔ ʔʔeʔʔaʔaʔ
 ʔaʔaʔ ʔʔʔeʔaʔ, ʔoʔaʔʔ, ó ʔonʔ ʔoʔʔʔʔe, aʔʔ ʔeʔʔaʔ le
 ʔeʔʔe ʔ n-aʒaʔʔ a nʔʔaʔ ʔ n-a mʔaʔʔaʔʔʔ ʔeo-aʔaʔ
 ʔaonʔa. ʔeoʔʔaʔ ʔo ʔ'eʔʔ ʔaʔ, ʔoʔ ʔaʔʔʔ, ʔoʔ mʔeʔ-
 maʔ le ʒaʔʔʔʔʔʔ na ʔʔaʔe, ʔʔ nʔaʔ ʔ'ʔeʔʔʔ a ʒʔʔʔaʔʔ
 nʔ a mʔʔʔeʔaʔ ʔo ʔ'aʔʔʔaʔ ʔ ʔʔaʔʔ nʔ ʔ n-ʔʔʔ-ʔʒeʔʔ.

ʔʔa ʔa ʔeʔʔaʔ ʔʔʔ ʔ ʔʔaʔʔ aonʔaʔʔa ʔʔ ʔonʔaʔaʔʔa
 na ʔʔʔʔeʔaʔʔa ʒaʔʔeʔaʔʔe ʔ n-ʔʔʔaʔʔeʔaʔʔ ʔʔ ʔ nʔaʔ-
 aʔʔaʔʔ ʔonʔʔaʔʔ ó ʔʔʔʔ ʒo ʔeʔʔeʔaʔ, cuʔʔ ʔ ʒcoʔʔʔʔaʔ na
 hʔʔʔ-ʔʒeʔʔaʔ ʔʔ ʔʔʔe aʔa ʔʒaʔʔʔ ʔeʔʔ na hʔʔʔaʔʔaʔʔ ʔo
 cʔʔaʔʔ 'ʔan ʔʔʔʔaʔʔ 'ʔan ʔ-oʔʔʔaʔʔ hʔaʔʔ ʔeʔaʒ. ʔʔʒ maʔ
 ʔʔʔ coʔʔʔaʔʔ mʔʔʔe ʔʔ ʔʔʔ-ʔʔeʔaʒʔaʔʔ ʔan. 1ʔ cʔʔʔe
 nʔaʔ ʔeʔʔeʔaʔaʔ ʔʔʔʔe na ʔʔʔʔaʔ ʔʔaʔ "ʔʔʒaʔʔ ʔʔʔʔʔe
 ʔa ʔeʔʔa," nʔ "ʔaʔʔ ʔó Cuʔʔʔe," nʔ ʔʔʔ "ʔoʔ-
 mʔʔʔe ʔʔʔʔ," aʔʔ 'n-a ʔaʔʔ ʔaʔʔ ʔʔ ʔonʔaʔ nʔaʔ mʔʔ an
 moʔʔ ʔoʔʔʔʔʔe aʔa le ʔaʒʔaʔʔ 'ʔna n-ʔʔʔ-ʔʒeʔʔaʔʔʔ ʔeo
 aʒʔʔ ʔ n-aʔʔʔaʔʔaʔʔ aʔʔaʒaʔʔ ʔʔ ʔaʔaʔʔe ʔʔ ʔoʒaʔʔ
 Ruʔaʔʔ ʔʔ ʔʔʔʔeʔaʔʔ. ʔʔ hʔeʔʔ aʔʔaʔ ʒo ʔʔʔʔ ʔeʔʔʔ-
 ʔaʔʔ le ʔeʔʔe aʔa maʔ a ʔʔʔʔʔeʔaʔ ʔʔʔʔ ʔʔaʔʔaʔʔ aʔʔʔʔe,
 cʔʔʔ ʒo mʔeʔaʔ a n-ʔʔʔaʔʔ ʔaʔʔ-ʔeʔʔʔʔe ó n-a ʔeʔʔe, aʔʔ
 aʔʔʔ ʔʔ ʔonʔaʔ na ʔʔʔaʔʔe ʔʔ an moʔʔ ʔoʔʔʔʔʔe, ʔʔ
 ʔonʔaʔ a n-ʔʔʔaʔʔeʔaʔʔ aʔaʔʔ aʒ ʔʔaʔʔ ʔaʔʔ mʔʔʔe
 nʔaʔʔʔaʔ ʔʔ ʔaonʔa, ʔʔ ʒo cʔʔʔe aʒ cuʔʔ ʔʔʔʔ aʔ ʔeʔʔ-
 mʔʔʔe ʔan.

waves as they break without ceasing on Inis Dairbhre. Like to a kindling fire excited by fierce winds, is their rage on the day of vengeance. Their ranks of battle were not formed according to the military tactics in vogue at the present day. They did not practice straight, steady shooting from a hiding place, but they stood together in the face of the enemy, as live, quick, human walls. Heroes were they, as strong, as high-spirited as the champions of Troy ; heroes, whose valour and daring are unsurpassed in story or romance.

If you be in doubt as to the unity and indentity of Irish literature in imaginativeness and brilliancy of colouring from first to last, compare the oldest romances we possess, with the songs which were composed in Munster in the eighteenth century. Take as the basis of comparison, the beauty and loveliness of woman. It is certain that the Munster poets never read "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," or "The Cattle Spoils of Cooley," or yet "The Wooing of Emir," nevertheless, the style of description to be found in these romances is almost indetical with that to be found in the songs of Egan O'Rahilly and Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan. It is not merely that they resemble one another, as beautiful passages might do, whose authors lived widely apart from one another, but here the thoughts and the style of description are the same, the splendid imaginativeness in describing natural or human beauty, and especially in describing the comeliness of woman, is also the same.

17 τοῖς linn-ne γυρ γιορμα τὰ ἐίλε ἰ μοῦ ποίλλ-
 ριῖτε, ἀμψάν Εοῖαν Ruarò αἷυρ ὕμ-ῖγέαλτα μαρ
 “ Ἐόγαιλ ὅμυρὼνε Ὁά Ὁεργα,” νά α ὅμυλ νυαῶ 17 ἀμψα
 τ’αον λιτμῖγεαῖτ εἰλε ἴαν Εομυρ—νά Shelll αἷυρ
 Deoulr, νά Goethe αἷυρ an Nibelungenlieo. Ἀῖτ
 κυρ ἰ γκυμῖνε γο ὅμυλ ποίλλρυῖαῶ ιονῖανταῖ na ρεαν-
 υῖταρ ρο leacuyῖτε ἰ n-ὕμ-ῖγέαλταῖβ ραα, ὁεῖγ-ῖμντε,
 ὁεῖγ-ῖμντα, τὰῖτε ἰ ὅμυρ μὶό-ῖνεαντα. Ἀῖτ ἴαν
 τ-οῖτμαῶ ἡοιρ ὁεῖγ, αἷυρ τιμῖεαλλ na ἡαμρμῖε ριν, το
 β’εῖγιν κοῖαλλ ριλιῖεαῖτα το ὅμυρ αρ υῖταρ, 17 α αῖγνεαῶ
 το ῖρμυρῖαῶ le ταν-ῖμῖγ τάνταῖμαῖλ ρυλ α ὅμυρῖεα
 an ποίλλρυῖαῶ ἐάααα υαῖρ. Ὁ’εῖγιν α ῖεαῖα το ὅμυρ
 αρ leiτ-ῖμῖγε le κυμαῶ νό ῖρὰῶ νό ἐαο νό ρορμαα.
 Νί ῖαν ρτομυρῖβ ριαῖαῖνε ριλιῖεαῖτα το λυῖεανῖ α
 αῖγνεαῶ αρ ῖαῖτῖανῖ αρ ῖορ-ῖμαῖρε νάῖμῖτα νό ὁαονῖα.
 Ὁο ρῖρμῖοῖ an ρεαν-υῖταρ ἰ ὅμυρ ῖοαῖρ, ὅμυρ, ῖαορῖα,
 αῖτ ὅμυρῖεαῖτ an ὅμυρ ραν, οῖοῦ νά μαιῖ ρέ μντε
 ἰ μεαοαῖ. Ὁο ῖαῖρ ρέ ἰ n-αῖμρμῖ ροαῖρ, ὅμυρτα, αἷυρ
 το ὅμυρ ὅμυρ αῖγε le ὅμυρῖαῖτ. Ὁ’εῖ ρμῖρ α ὅμυρῖα
 νάῖμῖτα, αἷυρ 17 ιαο καῖλιῖε an ὅμυρ ριν νά νεαῖρ,
 ρομῖγῖεαῖτ 17 λῖρ-ῖοῖαῖγῖεαῖτ.

Μά’ρ μῖαν linn an τ-αῖγνεαῶ ῖαῖεαῖαῖ ὅμυρῖντ
 ἴ-α ῖῖγῖο νάῖμῖτα ρέιν, ῖαν κυρ ιρτεαῖ αῖρ le ρμαῖτ
 ταρ ραῖμῖγε, νί ρυλαῖρ ὅμυρ an ρεαν-ὅμυρ ῖαῖεαῖαῖ
 το λῖγῖαῖ. Ὁο ῖαῖρ na ἡυῖταρ το ὅμυρ αῖανῖ le
 ὅμυρῖαῖγε ἰ n-αῖμρμῖ ὅμυρῖαῖ; νί μαιῖ ρέ ὅμυρ
 οῖτα ρῖρμῖοῖ ἰ n-αον-ὅμυρ γυρ μῖλεαῖ an τ-αῖαν ὅμυρ
 le ὅμυρ 17 le ὅμυρ, 17 γυρ λαρ ρεαῖγ α ῖομῖοῖτε, αἷυρ ἰ

It seems to us that the songs of Eoghan Ruadh and romances like "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," approach nearer to one another in description than what is ancient and modern in any other European literature, than Shelley and Boewulf, than Goethe and the Nibelungenlied. We must bear in mind, however, that these wonderful descriptions of the ancient authors are embedded in long, shapely, well-constructed romances, written in splendid prose, while in the eighteenth century and about that time, it was necessary to rouse an author to poetical enthusiasm, and to excite his mind with the frenzy of song, before he could be got to produce similar descriptions. His soul must be first touched with grief or love, jealousy or envy. Not without the wild rush of a poetical storm does his mind contemplate natural and human loveliness. The ancient author wrote in calm, steady, majestic prose, but that prose was poetry, though not composed in metre. He lived in a calm, refined age, and he had an affection for beauty. Prose was the natural vehicle of his thoughts, and the characteristics of that prose are strength, sobriety and imaginativeness.

If we desire to see the Irish mind in its own congenial state without its being influenced by foreign oppression, let us read ancient Irish prose. Our recent authors lived in troubled times, they had no inclination to write at all, till their souls were crushed with grief and frenzy, and till indignation lit up their hearts, and in their

n-a laoiōtīb—cioō nāri cūmīniḡeavari oṛtā—atā cāilīōe na rean-uḡvāri ḡo foilēiri le feicirint. Caiṭrimio an ion-nanaēt ḡioṛṛiaiōe rin na rean-litṛiḡeācta ir na nuaō-litṛiḡeācta vo cūiḡirint ḡo mō-ḡlēineac, mār mian linn bṛeīt cōmṭiom vo cābairt ar ar litṛiḡeāct ḡo lēiri, ir í vo mēaḡāō i n-aḡarō litṛiḡeācta na hṛoṛpa ir an voṛmāin i ḡcoitcōiann. Ir le congnaīm ó'nnuaō-litṛiḡeāct ḡuri fēioiri vūinn cṛaobṛḡaoileāō éiḡin oṛieamīnac vo cūri ar úiri-ṛḡéaltaib na rean-uḡvār. Mīniḡeann an tṛean-litṛiḡeāct a lān vā bṛuil neam-ḡnācāc, vo-cūiḡre i n-amīánaiḃ ir i noántaiḃ na hoctmāō haoṛe vēaḡ. Ní heāō nāri oṛḡail an litṛiḡeāct ḡaeōealāc í fēin amaāc, ir nā veaāō rí i bṛeābār ir i noéine ir i nḡéiṛe, āct ḡuriab é an ṛaḡar feābair cōc-ṛāō ar cṛiēan-aḡneāō cṛiēteaṛmāil le neairt buaiōearitā ir lēiri-buile.

Níōri b'fēioiri linn cunnṭar ceairt vo cābairt ar ṛaiōbṛeāct ṛocal ir ar mōō lonnṛiāc foillṛiḡcte eoḡain Ruaiō ir Mīc Ūōmnaill, ir ṛilīōe na haoṛe rin, muna mbeāō ioiri lāmāib aḡainn le lēiḡeāō, “Tōḡáil ḃṛuiṛōne vā vṛeḡa,” “Tām ḃó Cuailḡne,” “Tocmaiṛc Emiri,” “Cāt Ruiṛ na Ríḡ,” 7c. Ó amṛiri an úiri-ṛḡeíl, “Tōḡáil ḃṛuiṛōne vā vṛeḡa,” ḡo haṛṛiri eoḡain Ruaiō, ní'l amṛiar nā ḡo ṛaiḃ tṛiāc i n-ar cūarō ar litṛiḡeāct i n-olcar, āct níōri ācāṛṛiuiḡ ṛí ṛuam a cṛuē, aḡur atā ṛí 'n-ar mearḡ le vēiṛeanaḡḡe níōṛ ṛaiōbṛe ir níōṛ lonn-ṛaiḡe 'nā ṛuam.

poems, the characteristics of the ancient authors — though they were unconscious of them—are plainly to be seen. We must understand clearly this continuous identity of our ancient and modern literature, if we desire to form a just estimate of our literature as a whole, and to weigh it against the literature of Europe and of the world at large. It is by assistance from the modern literature that we are enabled to offer some suitable explanation of the romances of the ancient authors. The old literature explains much that is strange and hard to account for in the songs and poems of the eighteenth century. It is not that there has not been a development in Irish literature and that it has not advanced on the lines of intensity and acuteness, but the advancement is that of a strong, gifted mind through the influence of trouble and frenzy.

We could not satisfactorily account for the wealth of language, and the brilliant descriptive style of Eoghan Ruadh and Mac Donnell, and of the poets of that time, had we not at hand to read “The Taking of Da Derga’s Hostel,” “The Cattle Spoil of Cooley,” “The wooing of Emir,” “The Battle of Ros na Righ,” &c. From the age of Eoghan Ruadh, it is certain that there was a time in which our literature fell away, but it never changed its essential features, and it is with us in modern times, richer and more brilliant than ever.

an dara hal t.

τόζαίλ bruiòne dà òerga.

Leabhamar tuar ar “Tòzbaíl Bhuiròne Dà Òerga,” agus buibhamar gu b’ionnann a moò foillighichte agus moò foillighichte na n-ainmian do cumadh i n’èirinn tã céad go leic bliadhán ó foim. Iy mian linn annro tuairmyz éigin do tabhairt ar an úir-rgéal gneannta ro atã curta amac le oéiròeanaizge ’ran *Revue Celtique*, iy airtmyzge i m’òearla le uicler Stócer. Baineann an t-eactra ro le h’uir-rgéaltairb Con Cúlainn iy “Táine bó Cuailgne.” Aót tã pé veizilte ó’n gcuir eile uor na rgéaltairb ro. Atã pé leir péim fá leic, agus ní’l uearman gu áirã an t-uir-rgéal é. Fasgar i “Leabair na h’uòir” é, leabair do rgriòbadh ’ran t-aonmhad haoir oéaz, agus i “Leabair buiròe lecan,” agus cuir do annro iy annróo i leabairb eile. Aót iy ueiminn gu cumadh an rgéal i b’eo moim ainmy an leabair iy áirairge oíob ro.

Triactann pé ar milleadh Conairie m’óir mic eatar-iceoil i m’bhuiròin Dà Òerga. Áro-ní na h’éirneann do b’eadh Conairie le n-a linn, iy ní mairb a leicéir do miz mair moim i oTeairmair, iy do oíbir pé commygear iy eacmair iy léir-goir ar an tír ar fas. Aót o’éirgriò-easar a com-oaltairòe ’n-a coimnib, iy o’aontuizgeasar le h’irgéal, ó b’reatain, milleadh do oéanair ar oúir

CHAPTER II.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DA DERGA'S HOSTEL.

We spoke above of "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," and we said that its style of description was the same as that to be found in the songs composed in Ireland one hundred and fifty years ago. We purpose here to give some account of this splendid romance, which has just been published in the *Revue Celtique*, with a translation into English, by Whitley Stokes. This story belongs to the romances relating to Cuchulainn and "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," but it is widely different from the other stories and stands alone. There is no doubt that it is a romance of high antiquity. It is to be found in "The Book of Dun Cow," a book which was written in the eleventh century, also in "The Yellow Book of Lecan," and portions of it here and there throughout other books. But it is certain that the tale was composed long before the date of the oldest of these books.

It describes the destruction of Conaire the Great, son of Etarsceil in the Hostel of Da Derga. Conaire was overking of Erin in his time, and so great a king never reigned before him in Tara; he banished contention and strife and plunder from all the land. But his foster-brothers rose up against him, and they formed an agreement with Insgéal from Britain, that they

i n-Albam. iʳ annrain i nEiunn. 'Nuairi do bíodairi ag teac̃t go talaí na hÉipeann, do bí Conaire ag riubal le n-a buirín le hair baile áta Cliãt, agus ag véanam air bhuirín Dá Deirga, ní Laiḡeann. Aigiḡto an dá buirín fuaim iʳ foc̃iom a céile, iʳ aic̃niḡto san meairbail ḡur b'f̃in i fuaim a namas. Ba hionḡantãc é ḡabáil iʳ tósḡbáil Conaire, iʳ ní maib ré ac̃t i n-a "ḡiola óḡ amulchach" nuairi do foc̃uig̃eac̃ 'n-a níḡ i tTeamairi é, ac̃t do cuir̃eac̃ ḡeara trioma, tainḡeana air, i ḡcár náir b'f̃uair̃te úó t̃ul ó t̃ubair̃t iʳ ó léiriúilleac̃. Iʳ iac̃ ro na ḡeara do cuir̃eac̃ air:

"Ni thurochir deareal Tempach oc̃ur tuait̃hbui m̃brieg̃.

"Niri tair̃nich̃ter̃ lat cl̃aenm̃ile C̃erinaí.

"Oc̃ur niri ech̃tria cach nomas n-aic̃he reach Theamairi.

"Oc̃ur niri' fac̃i i t̃is air m̃bi eḡḡna fuill̃ri teneac̃ immach iari fuineac̃ nḡriéine 7 imbi ec̃nai tammuig̃.

"Oc̃ur ní tair̃ra mũt t̃ri Deirga do t̃is Deirḡ.

"Oc̃ur niri' maḡbaitẽri t̃ibeir̃is ro f̃laith̃.

"Oc̃ur ní tae tam aenm̃na no eñf̃iri i tech̃ foc̃ur iari fuineac̃ nḡriéine.

"Oc̃ur ni a hup̃p̃air̃ auḡria do da moḡhuo."

Iʳ léiri go maib an t-áḡ 'n-a c̃om̃nib ó t̃úir, agus an oir̃eac̃ rain ḡeara do léiḡean air, agus ná maib aon t̃ul aige iac̃ do f̃eac̃nac̃ air f̃ac̃.

I ḡcúir̃ra an r̃ḡéil do c̃uar̃ó ré i n-aḡar̃ó na nḡeara ro go léiri, agus ba úaor̃ an t̃ioḡalt̃ar do b̃aneac̃ air. Iʳ m̃mic i mũt an t̃ac̃t̃ria do c̃um̃niḡ ré air na

should work destruction first in Alba, and thereafter in Erin. When they were approaching the land of Erin, Conaire was travelling with his companions to Dublin and making for the Hostel of Da Derga, King of Leinster. Both parties hear the noise made by the other, and they recognize without misgiving that it was the noise of their enemy. The conception and the bringing up of Conaire were wonderful, and he was only "a young beardless lad" when he was installed as king in Tara. But heavy, fast-binding *geasa* were put upon him, so that it was not easy for him to escape from misfortune and destruction. These are the *geasa* to which he was subjected :

"Thou shalt not go right-handwise round Tara, and left-handwise round Bregia.

"The evil beasts of Cerna must not be hunted by thee.

"And thou shalt not go out every ninth night beyond Tara.

"Thou shalt not sleep in a house from which fire-light is manifest outside after sunset ; and in which (light) is manifest from without.

"And three Reds shall not go before thee to Red's house.

"And no rapine shall be wrought in thy reign.

"And after sunset a company of one woman or one man shall not enter the house in which thou art.

"And thou shalt not settle the quarrel of thy two thralls!"

It is plain that Fate was against him from the beginning, seeing that it permitted so many *geasa* to be imposed on him, and that it was out of his power to avoid them all.

In the course of the story he breaks through all these *geasa*, and heavy was the vengeance inflicted on him. Frequently, as the tale progresses, does he call to mind

gearaib̃ reo do bí maí t̃iomuig̃eãct aí, ír aí
 uil 'n-a n-aḡaíó do ír minic do cuípeãó i n-uíail
 do le neaíτ τaíng̃aípeãcta go maib̃ milleãó ír
 tubaíτ 'n-a c̃om̃aí. Ír t̃íuaíḡm̃éíleãc é r̃ḡéal an
 deaḡ-míóḡ ío, aḡ uéanaí maíteapa do'n t̃raoḡal móí-
 uíim̃ceall, aḡur le linn ḡãc maíteapa aḡ b̃íup̃eãó t̃ríé
 n-a ḡearaib̃ ír an τ-aḡ uá c̃eang̃aílt le r̃laḡḡa íaíḡaínn
 ná r̃éaḡpãó a b̃íup̃eãó. Ní'l r̃ḡéal ná eãct̃ia le r̃aḡb̃aíl
 i leaḡḡaib̃ ná i mbéal na r̃eanc̃aíóe c̃om̃ uoíl̃b, c̃om̃
 t̃íuaíḡm̃éíleãc le r̃uip̃re ír coímeap̃ḡaí an c̃uíaíó reo le
 n-a aḡ uõc̃ma r̃éin, ír é r̃á ũeoíḡ aḡ t̃uítim ḡan t̃íuaḡ
 ḡan taípe ũó. C̃íóeann r̃é r̃éin go r̃oíl̃éir̃i go b̃r̃uíl r̃é
 aḡ uil aí a aím̃leap̃; ír 'n-a ũiaíó r̃in ní r̃aḡann r̃é ann
 r̃éin b̃íup̃eãó a ḡeapa do r̃eãc̃nãó. Ũí a t̃oíl m̃ó-laḡ,
 ír bí an íomão do ḡearaib̃ maí t̃íomuig̃eãct aí. Ba
 ũoíḡ leat ḡur̃i c̃uípeãoap̃ na ũéíte Conaípe aí an
 r̃aoḡal c̃um ceap̃ maḡaíó do ũéanaí de, “quoties voluit
 fortuna jociari.” Ní maib̃ a leít̃éir̃o do m̃íḡ maí m̃oíme
 r̃in aí r̃eaḡap̃ ír aí c̃om̃t̃íomãct :

“Ír na r̃laíth aḡaít na t̃rí baíḡḡi r̃oí Eínño .i. baíḡḡi
 uiaí 7 baíḡḡi r̃eoḡh 7 baíḡḡi meíra. Ír ma r̃laíth aí
 chomb̃ínño la cach r̃ep̃i ḡuth aíaíle ocup̃ bet̃ir̃ t̃éta
 meñoch̃íot aí r̃eap̃ na cána, 7 in t̃ríua 7 in cháin-
 comp̃aíe r̃aíl r̃ech̃non na hEínño.”

Ãct ír é t̃íuaḡ an r̃ḡéil ḡur̃i b̃'é an r̃eaḡap̃ c̃éaḡna,
 aḡur an c̃om̃t̃íomãct neaí-ḡná̃tãc do m̃eall é c̃um
 r̃líḡeãó a ũonaí. Ũí r̃é do ḡearaib̃ aí ḡan r̃íot̃c̃áin
 do ũéanaí ũoíḡ beíτ uá ḡéíbleãc̃aib̃, ãct níor̃i léíḡ a

these *geasa* which weighed him down, and as he breaks through them, he is often warned prophetically, that destruction and misfortune are in store for him. Pathetic is the story of this good king, doing good to the world around, and on the occasion of each good deed breaking through his *geasa*, while fate binds him down with a chain of iron, which he cannot break. There is no tale or narrative to be found in books, or from the lips of story-tellers, so sad, so pathetic, as the wrestling and struggling of this hero with his own hapless Destiny, and his falling at last without regret or pity. He himself perceives clearly that he is on the path of misfortune; but at the same time he feels unable to avoid breaking through his *geasa*. His will was too weak, and there were too many *geasa* pressing heavily upon him. One would imagine that the gods sent Conaire on earth, to make of him a laughing-stock "as often as Fate wished to make merry." There never before was a king to match him in goodness and justice :

"In his reign are the three crowns on Erin—namely, crown of corn ears, and crown of flowers, and crown of oak mast. In his reign, too, each man deems the other's voice as melodious as the strings of lutes, because of the excellence of the law, and the peace and the good will prevailing throughout Erin."

But the pathos of the story consists in this, that it is his goodness and his unwonted justice that lure him to the path of his misfortune. He was under *geasa* not to settle the quarrel between his two "thralls," but his

goodness made him go and make peace between them.

It seems to us that a large portion of the story is unsurpassed for brilliancy of description, and wealth of language, and it is probable that it is in this wise Eoghan Ruadh would have written did he live in the author's time. We quote here a little of the very beginning of the story :

“ There was a famous and noble king over Erin, named Eochaid Feidleich. Once upon a time, he came over the fairgreen of Bri Léith, and he saw, at the edge of a well, a woman with a bright comb of silver, adorned with gold, washing in a silver basin, wherein were four golden birds, and little bright gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of the basin. A mantle she had, curly and purple, a beautiful cloak, and in the mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a brooch of fairest gold. Marvellous clasps of gold and silver in the kirtle on her breasts and her shoulders and *spaulds* on every side. The sun kept shining upon her, and the glistening of the gold against the sun, from the green silk, was manifest to men. On her head were two golden yellow tresses, in each of which was a plait of four locks, with a bead at the point of each lock. The hue of that hair seemed to them like the flower of the iris in summer, or like red gold after the burnishing thereof.

“ There she was undoing her hair to wash it White as the snow of one night were the two hands; soft and even and red as fox-glove were the two clear, beautiful cheeks. Dark as the back of a stagbeetle the two eyebrows. Like a shower of pearls were the teeth in her head. Blue as a hyacinth were the eyes. Red as rowan berries were the lips. Very high, smooth and soft-white the shoulders. Chalk-white and lengthy the fingers. Long were the hands The bright radiance of the moon was in her noble face; the loftiness of pride in her smooth eyebrows; the light of

Soluppiuirtuú mñ erce ina pæpæagaro upthochail uailli
 ina minmalgib puithen, puighe ceachtar a da ius iore.
 Tibpu amupa ceachtar a da gmuao co n-amliro mo
 tibpen oo ballaib bith choicra co noeigi fola laig
 7 apail eile co solup gili pneacita. Bocmaepoachto
 banamail ina gloy cem poruo n-inmalla acci, tochim
 iugnairi le. Ba ri tria ar caemaem agur ar ailveam
 agur ar coriam atconnagacavar puii voine de mnáib
 vomain. Ba voig leo beo a rivaib oi. Ba fua arbieth
 “ciputh cach co hetain.” “Caem cach co hetain.”

ni’l rlighe agann annro triáct ar bpeágtáct na
 bhuirone; ar a cur peomia aepeaca doibne, ar éual-
 láct uaral, meanmac Conaire, ar a léiri-maire ir ar a
 rpéipeamlaect, ar a éaoine ir ar a mópdaect, ar na
 céasotaib oo tuir le n-a lámh i gcuimangiaect coimurgaru,
 ar na cupaóuib oo goin ir oo mill ré da coraint féin
 gan bpuig, ar a ág oocma féin, ar triuaig a léiri-tarita,
 mar éigean ir aitceann ré veoc ir gan doinne ’ran
 buirón cum a iota oo múcaó, mar oo fadoirfaó don
 veoc amáin é ar lán-tuile a tubairte, ir gan an veoc
 rain le faigbáil, ná fór ar bargao ir milleao ir oógaó
 ir léiri-buieao na horóce rin. Ba oóig leat sup b’i
 an Triae oo oógaó ir oo leagaó apúr le rluagtaib na
 n-eaectiann:

“Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando

Explicet, aut quis posset lacrimis aequare labores?”

—————:o:—————

wooing in each of her regal eyes. A dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, with an amlud (?) in them at one time of purple spots, with redness of a calf's blood, and at another with the bright lustre of snow. Soft womanly dignity in her voice; a step steady and slow she had, a queenly gait was hers. Verily of the world's women, 'twas she was the dearest and loveliest that the eyes of men had ever beheld. It seemed to them (King Eochaid and his followers) she was from the elfinlands. Of her was said—"shapely are all till (compared with) Etain." "Dear are all till (compared with) Etain."

We have not space here to treat of the beauty of the Hostel; of its airy, delightful chambers, of the noble high-spirited party of Conaire, of his beauty, of his loveliness, of his gentleness, of his majesty, of the hundreds who fell by his hand, in the press of conflict, of the heroes he wounded and destroyed while defending himself in vain from his own woeful fate, of the pathos of his bitter thirst, how he cries and clamours for a drink while there is no one in the hostel to quench his thirst, how even one drink would save him from the flood of his misfortune, and how that drink was not to be obtained; nor yet of the crushing, destroying, burning and great wrecking of that night. One might imagine that it was Troy, that once more was burnt and pulled down by hosts of strangers.

"Who can unfold the slaughter of that night or the death, by narration, or who can its troubles equal with tears?" *

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken without any alteration from the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XXII., Nos. 1 and 2.

AN TREAS ALT.

unr-séalta bainneas le coin cúlaimn.

Ír maí a céile Cú Cúlaimn ír na sean-rséaltaib
 Saeúealaça ír aicil i mbeart áiríte o'eactiaròib
 Spéigeaça. Maíeann Cú Cúlaimn i n-a lán do sean-
 rséaltaib Saeúealaça 'n-a cúpað oirðearc, ír 'n-a laoc
 eac-buaðac; agur i n-a lán eile oib ír é ppiom-
 míleað na n-éact ar a otriáctari é. 'N-a taob rain ní
 oia ná oeamán Cú Cúlaimn aet owinne oadonna, bíoð go
 otagann aetairiuğað ionğantaç ari ó uari go huari le
 neart éactaç éigin oiaoríeacta. Ír piaðain, fearigaç,
 píoçmar i gcaçuib 'r i gcomlann é, aet ní gan tairc,
 gan triaigiméil a çioirde. Ír é cupað Cúigro Ulað é,
 agur glóir eamain Maça, ír cú coranta Cúlaimn. Ní
 çuipio laocia ná cuimniuğað oadmeað eazla ná
 uamain ari, agur ír triom é béim a çuro ariim ír tri-
 paimn a lámie i lári comearğari.

Cioð nári ba oeamán é péin, léigimíó —

“Supa gairpetari imme bocçánaiz ocar bananaiz ocar
 geniti glinto ocar oemna a eóiri. Oaiz oa beiritir Tuatã
 Oé Oananna ngairiuio immirium combato móti a gpiain
 ocur a ecla ocur a upuao ocur a upuamain meac eath
 ocur in eac eathioi in eac comluno ocur in eac compuc
 i teigro.”

Ní doncuigimíó i n-aon-çori leir na huğoapuib a
 oéaprað naç oadonna an cupað ro. Níl i gCom Cúlaimn,
 a oeiuro, 'nuari a bioinn fearig ír çiaor ari, ír 'nuari a

CHAPTER III.

ROMANCES RELATING TO CUCHULAINN.

Cuchulainn, in the old Irish stories, is like Achilles in a certain body of Greek tales. Cuchulainn lives in some of the old Irish stories as a noble hero, a victorious champion, and in others he is the main heroic figure in the feats described in them. Still Cuchulainn is neither a god nor a demon, but a human being, although a strange transformation takes place in his person from time to time, by some wondrous magic power. He is wild, wrathful, vehement in strife and conflict, yet he is not without softness and pity. He is the champion of the province of Ulster, the glory of Emhain Macha, the guardian hound of Culaun. Nor heroes nor assemblies of the populace put him in fear or trembling, and weighty is the stroke of his weapon and the onset of his hand in the thick of the fight.

Though he himself was not a demon, we read that, "There shouted around him Bocanachs and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha Dé Danann were used to set up their shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be the greater in every battle-field, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went."

We do not agree by any means with those authors

who assert that this champion was not human. Cuchulainn, they say, when in a rage and fury, and when even his very look puts heroes to death, is nothing else than the fair, brilliant, blazing sun, sending its heat afar; and when a strange transformation sets in on him, on account of his "distortion," it is only the same sun underneath black clouds, and in an eclipse of mist. These authors speak, too, of the day dawning through the clouds of the air, as represented by Cuchulainn. But it seems to us that we have no need of similitudes of the sun or of the dark-clouds of heaven, to understand the exploits of Cuchulainn, as they are revealed to us in the romances. The story of Cuchulainn is that of a great hero, who defended his own province from the attacks of the men of Erin of the four other provinces, and whose feats were rehearsed by the bards of the country. It is not just to introduce sun, or clouds, or mist, without cause, and there is neither cause nor reason for similitudes of the kind, to be found in the romances that pertain to our hero. Not that he has not performed feats which surpass a human being's power, without help from gods or demons, but he is not, therefore, a god or a demon. Achilles was fully human—on his father's side at least—but Pallas sheds bright effulgences around him, so that hosts tremble through fear on beholding him, and she strengthens his voice so that terror seizes on the Trojan band, and their arms drop from their hands at the sound of his shouting.

The boyish exploits of Cuchulainn are truly marvel-

cúipte an míog. Do éug céad go leic tóib iarríac̃t ar é vo marb̃ad̃, ac̃t níor b̃féir̃oir leo riu é vo g̃oir̃tug̃ad̃. Gluaiseann ré 'n-a ñoiar̃, agus tuiteann caog̃ad̃ tóib le n-a láñ, agus r̃eíoc̃air an éir̃t eile tó. Ní maib ré an t̃iá̃t r̃ain ac̃t cúig̃ bliad̃na t̃'aoir. Do m̃unne ré éac̃ta níor iong̃ant̃aig̃e ó bliad̃ain go bliad̃ain, agus vo m̃t̃ a c̃ail ar fuair̃ na t̃úit̃e ar f̃ao. Tá cuñtar ar an g̃eup̃ad̃ ro i n-a lán t̃úir̃-g̃eal̃taib̃, ac̃t ir̃ iad ro na r̃geal̃ta a b̃amear leir̃, ar ir̃ f̃eárr̃ a b̃f̃uil ãit̃ne. "Tóg̃áil b̃p̃ur̃one t̃á t̃eir̃ga," "Tám b̃ó Cuail̃gne," "Cac̃ Ruir̃ na Rí̃g̃," "Seir̃gl̃ige Concu-lam̃t̃," "F̃leu b̃p̃eip̃ent̃," "Toc̃mair̃e Em̃ir̃." Ní'l aon r̃geal̃ tóib ro c̃om̃ b̃reá̃g̃. c̃om̃ b̃ríog̃mair̃ le "Tám b̃ó Cuail̃gne." Íir̃-g̃eal̃ cup̃ar̃óac̃ ir̃ ead̃ an "Tám" go b̃f̃uil t̃ó̃t̃ain aon l̃it̃m̃g̃eac̃ta nó teang̃an 'ran t̃om̃an ann, úir̃-g̃eal̃ lán t̃'eac̃t̃mar̃óib̃ aoir̃inne, agus t̃'eac̃taib̃ i n-a b̃p̃oil̃l̃r̃ig̃t̃ear̃ c̃p̃õd̃ac̃t ir̃ meañma m̃óir̃-c̃up̃ad̃. Ciõd̃ g̃up̃ r̃geal̃ pá̃g̃ánãc̃ é, ní'l mí-c̃near̃-tac̃t ná mí-ná̃t̃úir̃ ar̃ éac̃t ná ar̃ g̃níom̃ t̃e. Anñro ir̃ anñr̃ú̃o t̃á̃ro r̃tar̃t̃a p̃oil̃l̃r̃ig̃t̃e le f̃ag̃b̃áil ann c̃om̃ h̃ál̃ainn, c̃om̃ loññiá̃c̃ ir̃ g̃eol̃f̃ar̃ó̃e i l̃it̃m̃g̃eac̃t na Rom̃a. Tá an c̃aint̃ b̃oib̃, r̃ar̃ó̃b̃ir̃, ir̃ na b̃mãt̃air̃ b̃ríog̃-maí. l̃éir̃-m̃il̃ir̃, ir̃ ní f̃ul̃áir̃ t̃o'n l̃éir̃g̃t̃eoir̃ r̃uim̃ t̃o c̃up̃ i n-éac̃taib̃ ir̃ i ñg̃níom̃aí̃t̃aib̃ an r̃g̃eíl ro. agus go m̃óir̃-m̃óir̃ i g̃c̃p̃õd̃ac̃t ir̃ i meañmain. ir̃ i m̃óir̃-c̃p̃õr̃óac̃t Con C̃ul̃ainn.

Tá Cúigead̃ Ul̃ad̃ ag f̃uir̃p̃e i g̃com̃m̃ib̃ na g̃cúigead̃ eile, agus ir̃ é Cú C̃ul̃ainn p̃ál cor̃anta Cúig̃ĩo Ul̃ad̃; ir̃ é g̃leac̃ar̃ó̃e a t̃aoinead̃ i n ũet̃ an b̃aõg̃ail; ir̃

lous; but he is not, therefore, a god, or the sun, or a phantom. He was only an infant when he astonished the young hurlers of the king's court. One hundred and fifty of them attempted to put him to death; but they did not succeed even in wounding him. He pursues them, and fifty of them fall by his hand, and the others submit to him. At that time he was only five years of age. He performed still more wonderful feats from year to year, and his fame spread over the whole country. There is an account of this hero in several romances; but the romances pertaining to him, that are best known, are "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn," "The Feast of Bricru," "The Wooing of Emir." There is none of these tales so beautiful, so forceful as "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley." "The Cattle Spoil" is an Epic worthy of any literature in the world, a romance full of delightful episodes, and of feats in which the valour and high spirit of great heroes is depicted. Though it is a pagan tale, there is neither coarseness, nor unnaturalness in feat or event recorded in it. Here and there, it contains descriptive passages as beautiful, as brilliant, as are to be found in the literature of Rome. The style is luscious and rich, the words forceful and melodious, and the reader is constrained to take an interest in the feats and events of this story, and above all, in the valour, the high spirit and the large-heartedness of Cuchulainn.

Ulster is struggling against the other provinces, and Cuchulainn is the wall of defence of the Province of Ulster; he is his people's champion in the breast of danger, he

é a lonnhað polair i nnoiriúeaðt rléibhe, ir a gcomairce
 oin, ir a gcomann bagair i n-aðair a namas. Ir geall
 le haontuðað muinntire na heoirpa uile i gcomnib
 napóleon aontuðað na gceitire gcúigeað i n-aðair
 Con Cúlainn, aét sup mó oibrugeann an Cú ghoirde
 rin le neart a colna féin ná marí ceann uiriaró ar
 rluaidtib. Cuirteann comrac donfiri átar ar a éiríde.
 Sáruigeann móir-cuirió 'ran ló é; aét an fáir a bíonn
 ré ag pléir leir an gcuirió rain, tá neart ag rluag na
 bfeair nÉirteannað gluaireaðt pompa com fára agur
 ir féirir leo. Aét ní rlan ná polain laoc ná cuirió
 'n-a óiró. Ir ríor go veimín ná cuirteann ré ffeirgur
 cum báir, aét ní'l ronn ar ffeirgur buan-comrac to
 cuiri ar. Ir iomóa cat ir comeargair ar a oiríáctann an
 "Táin," aét ní'l éaét 'ran rgeal ir féairi cuirtear i
 n-uirail oúinn nóra cnearta ar n-aicireað, a noeag-
 béara, ir a noadonnaét 'ná comrac donfiri Con Cúlainn
 ir ffeiríar ag an áé.

Com-óaltairde to b'eað na cuirióde reo to hoileað
 le Sgátaig ir doirde, aét go riab an Cú i bfar
 níor óige ná ffeiríar, agur anoir, ció go bfuil
 ciorde na beirte ar léir-larað le lán-féirig i n-aðair
 an comeargair, ní óeacair báir a gcom-óaltaðair
 i bfuairde aca, agur ir geall le bpiáitrib gpiáóaca
 iad ag teagmáil le n-a céile ar maroin lae an
 comraic, ir ag rgaríad le céile i gcomair na hoirde,
 go bpiúigte, leointe, tar éir fuirre ir anpóig an comear-
 gair. Ní oóig sup rgríóbað raráir ná úir-rgeal riann

is their radiant light in the darkness of the mountain, he is their shield of defence and threatening staff in the face of their enemy. The league of the four provinces against Cuchulainn, is like the league of the people of Europe against Napoleon, only that that great Hound works more with the strength of his own body, than as the chief of hosts. A single combat delights his heart. One great hero a day satisfies him; and while he is engaged in fighting this hero, the hosts of the men of Erin proceed in their forward march as far as they may. But, nor hero nor champion does he leave whole or sound. It is true indeed that he does not slay Fergus, but Fergus has no desire to prolong the quarrel with him. The "Cattle Spoil" describes many a battle and conflict, but there is no exploit in the story that so clearly reveals to us the gentle spirit of our ancestors, their polished manners, and their humanity, as the single combat between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad at the Ford.

These heroes were foster-brothers who were educated under Scathach and Aoife, but the Hound was far younger than Ferdiad, and, now, though the hearts of both are burning for the combat, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold within them, and they are like loving brothers as they meet on the morning of the day of battle, and as they separate for the night, bruised and wounded from the pressure and turmoil of the combat. We think that there was never written a history or romance in which great heroes behave with such

i n-a n-iomêmaio móri-êumaiðe iao féin leir an oipeao cneartaçta ir móri-êmoioðeaçta. Ir ðeimín ná fuil i lictiugeaçt na Róaim ná na Siéige cupaò coim huaral, coim meanmaç, coim ðeað-aigeantaç le Coin Cúlainn. 'Nuair a ðeaðmuisið le céile ar bhuac an áta, cuipeann Feirioao fáilte fíori-çaoim moim an Coin. "Mo çen ðo ðuètu, a Cuculainn," ar pé, aður tar éir móri-çoda aðallainn, luisið ar coimiac, aður um èriáç-nóna, tar éir tuipre ir anfaio an coimiac, "Scuipem ðe fíodain baðerçta a Cuculainn," ar Feirioao. Ðo rður-aðar ó céile, aður að ro mar èriáçtann an "Táin" ar çaoine ir ar èneartaçt a muinntearioar :—

"Bhaçeiropet a n-aipm uathu illámaib a n-aiaio. Tánc cáç oib o'inoiraigið aiaile ar aithle ocar maðerç cáç oib lám ðar briaðit aiaile, ocar ma çairibir teóia póc. Ra bátar a n-eiç in oen rçu in n-aioçi rin, ocar a n-aiaio ic oen tenio; ocar bo ðnípetar a n-aiaio corpari lepta úrhuacma oib, ðo fíuthaðarçtaib feri ngona fíuu. Tançatar fiallaç icci ocar legir ða n-icc ocar ða leiger, ocar focheipçetar lubi ocar loffa icci ocar plánren ma cneoaib ocar cpeçtaib, má n-áltaib ocar má n-ilçonaib. Caç lub ocar caç loffa icci ocar plánren ma beipchea ma cneoaib ocar cpeçtaib alçtaib aður ilçonaib Conculainn, ma ionaieçea com-painn uao oib ðar áç riari o'Fhiuioao, na maðbpaier fíu hçeno ða tuiteo Feirioao leppium, ba himmaic-maio legir ða beiaio fairi."

An ðaria lá aður an tpear lá ðo'n coimearðear iom-çmaio na cupaiðe iao féin ar an ðcumaò ðcéaona, açt ður çuarí Cú Cúlainn milleaò a naiaio an ceaçmaiaò lá ðo'n coimearðar, aður ða briað rin ður rðarçarçar

gentleness and magnanimity. It is certain that there is not in the literatures of Rome or Greece, a champion so noble, so high-spirited, so fair-minded as Cuchulainn. When they meet at the verge of the ford, Ferdiad bids fair welcome to Cuchulainn. "Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulainn," he exclaims; and after a long dialogue they fall to fighting, and in the evening, after the fatigue and turmoil of the conflict, "let us desist from this now, O Cuchulainn," says Ferdiad. They separated, and it is thus "The Cattle Spoil" describes the gentleness and mildness of their friendship:—

"They threw away their arms from them into the hands of their charioteers. Each of them approached the other forthwith, and each put his hands around the other's neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in the same paddock that night, and their charioteers at the same fire; and their charioteers spread beds of green rushes for them with wounded men's pillows to them. The professors of healing and curing came to heal and cure them, and they applied herbs and plants of healing and curing to their stabs and their cuts and their gashes and to all their wounds. Of every herb, and of every healing and curing plant that was put to the stabs and cuts and gashes, and to all the wounds of Cuchulainn, he would send an equal portion from him westward over the ford to Ferdiad, so that the men of Erin might not be able to say, should Ferdiad fall by him, that it was by better means of cure that he was enabled to (kill him.)"

The champions behave in the same manner on the second and third day of the combat, except that Cuchulainn had foreboding that the destruction of his enemy would take place on the fourth day, and there-

ὁ ἐεῖλε λάν το βυαῖοιπ ιη το βηυζαῖ-οιοῖοε αν τηεαρ
οιῖοε. Αν σεαῖμαῖαῖο λά ταζανη νεαρτ νεαῖν-ζηάταῖ
ι ζCom Ḳulainn, αζυρ αῖαηηυῖζεανη α “μιαῖτμαῖ” ἐ ζο
λάν-ιονζανταῖ ζο —

“Rop lín atc ocar impit̃ri, maṃ anáil illér, co
noejina thuaiṣ n-uac̃maṃ, n-acbél, n-iloaṭaiṣ, n-ing-
antaṣ de; ṣo mba metit̃ri ma fomóri, na me fer̃i maṃa,
in milio móri cáлма, ór chino f̃ir̃oeao i ceit̃ aṃoi.”
Aṣur annrain tor̃nuṣeann a ṣcom̃iac i ṣceait̃. “Ba
ré olúr n-imaiṃic dá moñrat̃ari, ṣo ma com̃iaicret̃ari a
cino aṃ n-uac̃tar̃i, ocar a cor̃ra aṃ n-íct̃ari, ocar allama
aṃ n-im̃eodón tar̃i bilib ocar cob̃raoib na r̃ciaṭ. Ba
ré olúr n-imaiṃic dá moñrat̃ari, ṣo mo oluṣret̃ ocar ṣo
mo ol̃oing̃ret̃ a r̃céit̃ ó a mbilib ṣo a mb̃iόνti. Ba
ré olúr n-im̃maṃic dá moñrat̃ari, ṣo mo f̃ill̃re tar̃i, ocar
ṣo mo lup̃rat̃ari, ocar ṣo mo ṣuar̃aiṣret̃ari a r̃leg̃a, ó a
ṃennai ṣo a n-ep̃lannaṃ, 7c.”

Αν λά ραιν, το μέρι είναι να ὦν, το ζοιναὸ
 φερτοιο ταί ρόρι, αἰυρ —

“Rabert Cuculaino ríoi da fairsio ar a aithe ocar
 na iao a da láim thair, ocar tuarraigib leirr cona aim
 ocar cona eiriuo ocar cona etguo daí áth fathuair é.”

1r geall le bean cainte an cupaib buaḁac úo aḁ caoi
an laoiḁ do leaḁ ré, i mannaib doibne, 1r i milir-ḁrór.

[illegible]

Foillrigítear cneartaíocht i r mairé Cón Culainn dúinn

fore they separated from one another full of sorrow and heart-felt regret on the third night. On the fourth day Cuchulainn assumes unwonted strength and becomes transformed after a very strange fashion by his "distortion," so that

"He was filled with swelling and great fulness, like breath in a bladder, until he became a terrible, fearful, many-coloured, wonderful Tuaig (giant), and he became as big as a Femor or man of the sea, the great and valiant champion in perfect height over Ferdiad." "And then commenced their fight in earnest. So close was the fight they made now, that their heads met above and their feet below, and their arms in the middle, over the rims and bosses of their shields. So close was the fight they made that they cleft and loosened their shields from their rims to their centres. So close was the fight which they made that they turned and bent and shivered their spears from their points to their hafts."

On that day, in accordance with the Hound's foreboding, Ferdiad was wounded beyond relief, and—

"Cuchulainn ran towards him after that, and clasped his two arms about him, and lifted him with his arms and his armour and his clothes across the ford, northwards."

That victorious champion is like a lamenting woman, bewailing the hero he laid low, in beautiful stanzas of verse, and in delicious prose.

Towards the end of the "Cattle Spoil" there is an account of a strange conflict between two bulls—a white-horned bull from Connaught, and a brown bull from Ulster—a conflict it would be difficult to surpass in fierceness and sheer intensity; but we have not space here to give an account of that conflict.

Cuchulainn's mildness of disposition, as well as his

róir, i rḡéal eile dá nḡairimtear “Toḡmairic Emir,”
 agus rḡam tuairis a eagnaḡta i “Seirḡlḡ Con-
 culainn.” Do tuit an curad fá ḡeoirḡ i ḡCaḡ Mairḡe
 mairimne.

Cioḡ ḡur mór an mear atá ar Conḡubair, ar ḡearḡur,
 ir ar ḡeirḡad, ir ar a lán laoc eile ar a ḡtrḡḡtao na
 huir-rḡéalta ro, ní curḡta i ḡcomóirar doinne ḡioḡ le
 Coin Cúlainn. Níl curad dá ḡrine ir dá meanmair i
 rḡairḡaib ná i n-uir-rḡéaltaib na hÉirḡeann. Tairḡeánann
 ré 'n-a ḡnóirḡaib ir 'n-a éaḡtaib féin crioḡaḡt ir
 meanma, cnearḡaḡt ir caoirḡeāḡt ar rirḡeari rḡl ar
 larad rḡlar na Crioḡturḡeāḡta 'ran tír.

————:o:————

an ceatḡam aḡ h a l t.

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na sḡéalta rionnuirḡeāḡta.

Ir ḡeall le mar a ḡeile Cú Cúlainn inr na rḡan-
 rḡeāḡtaib ḡaeḡealaḡa agus ḡionn Mac Cumairl i mór-
 ḡolḡ do rḡeāḡtaib níor ḡéirḡeanaḡe. Mór-curad do
 b'eaḡ ḡionn, aḡ a rḡaib rior ionḡantaḡ, agus dáir ḡéil-
 leaḡar complaḡt mear, lúḡmar, acḡuinneāḡ, ar a
 nḡairimtirḡe an ḡiann, nó ḡianna Éirḡeann. Mac ḡ'ḡionn do

beauty, are described for us, also, in another romance called "The Wooing of Emir," and we get an account of his wisdom in the "Sick Bed of Cuchulainn." The hero at length fell in the battle of the Plain of Muirteimne.

Although Conchubhar and Fergus and Ferdiad, and many other heroes of whom these romances treat are held in high esteem, none of them is comparable to Cuchulainn. There is no other champion so brave, so high-spirited in the history or romance of Ireland. In his own deeds and exploits he reveals to us the valour, the high spirit, the gentle disposition, the mildness of our ancestors before the light of Christianity illuminated the land.*

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CHAPTER. IV.

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THE FENIAN TALES.

Cuchulainn holds nearly the same position, as regards the old Irish stories, that Fionn Mac Cumhaill does in respect to a large body of later tales. Fionn was a great hero who was possessed of wonderful power of divination, and whom a strong, active, vigorous company, who were called the Fiann, or Fenians of Ireland, obeyed. Oisín was the son of Fionn, and the primal

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken from O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," Vol. III. Appendix.

b'eað Oirín, ppióm-éile na hÉireann, aḡur mac do-ḡain
 aḡúr do b'eað Oḡḡar, náí b'féiríí do ḡáruḡað í oḡpéine
 íí í ḡcoḡoáæt. Bíonn Diaḡmaio Ua Duibne íí Caoilte
 Mac Rónáin ḡo coitcáinn 'n-a bḡoáarí ríúo. B'eaætáæt
 an ḡaoḡal do áaitéararí Fíanna Éireann aḡ bḡuḡean,
 aḡ iúæt, aḡ ḡealḡ, aḡ cluicéað na ḡcairíḡiað íí na bḡoal-
 cón. Níí iaiḡ coill, ná ḡleann, ná ḡliab íí n-Éiríinn í
 oḡtaoḡ amuiḡ do Cúḡeað Ulað náí cḡḡararí cuairt ann.
 Ba mḡuic ḡo cor-éaoḡpíom íao aḡ iúæt arí mḡéó-bántaiḡ
 Cille Daia, íí níorí b'annam a iunneararí móirí-ḡealḡ arí
 ḡoḡm-bḡuaáaiḡ Loáa Léin.

Cioð ná iaiḡ ḡmaæt do b'féile ná Fíonn ḡéin—

“Dá mað óí in ouille donn,
 Cuiḡor oi in caill,
 Dá mað aḡḡet in ḡealtonn,
 Ro cḡoiaḡeo Fíonn”—

níí iaiḡ ḡé ḡan ḡearḡ íí éao íí oḡioð-aḡneao. Íí mḡuic
 a bíonn na Fíanna íí n-aiað leir íí oḡtaoḡ a oḡioð-aḡnío
 íí ḡcoinníḡ Oiaḡmaoa. Fíu Oḡḡarí ḡéin, níí maitéann ḡé
 ḡocal do áeann na bḡíann.

Amáil a ouḡiamarí aḡ ḡráæt arí Cíoin Cúlainn, b'eaætáæt
 íao mac-ḡníomairíta Fínn, aḡur íí beaḡ áit íí n-Éiríinn ná
 ḡuil iuan éirín íí noiaíð a láime. Íí íomḡa ḡliab, arí a
 nḡoḡítearí “Suiré Fínn,” aḡur íí íomḡa áḡoán 'n-a bḡuil
 ḡalán móirí cloicé aḡur iuan a mḡearí aḡ; aḡur ḡór,
 níí baile íí n-Éiríinn ná ḡuil a ainm aḡur ainm a cḡom-
 plaætá ḡo beaæt, cinnte íí mbéal na noaoineao ann,

poet of Ireland. And Oisín had a son, Osgar, who was unsurpassed in strength and valour. Diarmaid O Duibhne and Caoilte Mac Ronain are constantly with these. Strange was the life led by the Fianna of Ireland, they fought, they raced, they hunted, they pursued the stag and the wolf. There was no wood or glen or mountain in Erin outside of Ulster, which they did not visit. Often did they run with light steps on the level plains of Kildare, and often did they hunt vigorously on the green margin of Lough Lein.

Though no prince surpassed Fionn in generosity—

“Were but the brown leaf which the willow sheds from
it gold,

Were but the white billow silver, Finn would have
given it all away”—

he was not, nevertheless, without rage and jealousy and evil disposition. Often are the Fianna in contention with him on account of his ill-will towards Diarmaid. Even Osgar himself speaks out his mind to the chief of the Fianna.

As we observed of Cuchulainn, the youthful exploits of Finn were wonderful, and there are but few places in Erin in which there is not some trace of his hands. Many a mountain is called “Suidhe Finn,” and many is the height in which there is a huge stone “galán” having the print of his fingers on it; and, moreover, there is not a village in Erin in which his name and that of his company are not heard precisely and accurately

bíod nárí aihuḡeasó muam 'n-a meapḡ ainm bhuain na
bhuaimhe ná doḡa uí héill.

bíod rḡealta ar fionn ir ar fiannaiḡ éiríeann tó
n-aiteirir inr na tighéib tuata ar fuair na tuité tamall
ó foin, aḡur ní fof tóib fóf. Ioir na rḡealtaiḡ fionn-
uḡeasóta ar ir feáirí a bfuil aithe, áiríuḡtear iad fo,
“Oíḡeasó Connlaoiḡ,” “Caḡ fionn Triaḡa,” “Eaḡria
Lomnoḡtáin an tSléibe Ripe,” “Cuiríe maoil uí man-
anáin ḡo tóí fianna éiríeann,” “Tóiríuḡeasó an ḡiolla
Deacairí a Capaill,” “bhuirḡean Céirí Córíainn,”
“Tóiríuḡeasó Óiarimada aḡur ḡriáinne,” “Aḡallaín na
Seanóiaḡ,” 7c.

Ir fíoir ḡo bfuil veitíirí mórí ioirí rḡealtaiḡ marí iad
fo aḡur na húirí-rḡealtaiḡ bainear le Coin Cúláinn. Ir
aoibhne an éaint, ir bpeáḡta an moḡ foilliríḡte, ir lonn-
maḡe an tacaḡmalaḡt, aḡur ir uairle, oírle iad na
cupiaróe i n-úirí-rḡealtaiḡ Cón Cúláinn. Tá na rḡealta
fionnuḡeasóta—nó cuirí maíḡ oíob—lán tó buasó-foc-
laiḡ, cupíḡa i n-oirí a céile le haḡaró a bfuairíe, ir
ḡan fuim i n-a mbuḡḡ, aḡur tó éuaró a ḡuirí cainte i
n-olcar i mḡ na mbiaḡan, i tḡiríe ḡo bfuirḡeá veic
bfocal i n-oirí a céile t'áon buḡḡ amáin i ḡuirí aca.

Ir tóirḡ ḡurí b'amlaíḡ tó tóḡasó ḡarriasó t'feairíe crioḡa,
ar ar ḡlaosóas fianna éiríeann, cum áirí-míḡ na héiríeann
tó cōrnam, ioirí ainiríí naomí p'áirímaḡ. Bí tairteal
an ḡarriaró rin ar fuair na héiríeann ar fad aḡt amáin
i ḡCúirḡeasó Ulaḡ. Ir ionḡantaḡ marí tó tóḡ na rḡeal-
uíté Crioḡuiríe fuar eaḡtairíe na bfiann, ir marí

from the lips of the people, even where the names of Brian Boruimhe and of Hugh O'Neill are never heard.

Tales of Fionn and of the Fianna of Erin used to be recited in the houses throughout the country some time since, and they are not yet extinct. Amongst the Fenian tales which are best known, the following may be mentioned, "The Fate of Conlaoch," "The Battle of Ventry," "The Adventures of Lomnochtan of Sliabh Rife," "The Invitation of Maol O Mananain to the Fianna of Erin," "The Pursuit of the Giolla Deacair and of his Horse," "The Battle of Ceis Corainn," "The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," "The Colloquy with the Ancients," &c.

There is, no doubt, a great difference between tales like these and the romances that relate to Cuchulainn. In the romances of Cuchulainn the style is more pleasing, the descriptions are more beautiful, the colouring is more brilliant, and the heroes are nobler and more amiable. The Fenian tales—or a considerable portion of them—are full of adjectives placed after each other with a view to their sound, without regard to their meaning, and their style grew worse as years rolled on, insomuch that you may find in some of them ten tautologous words one after another.

It would seem that previous to the time of St. Patrick there was raised a body of brave men for the defence of the over-king of Ireland, who were called the Fianna of Ireland. This body frequented every part of Ireland except the Province of Ulster. It is strange how

do tugaḡar iaiḡiáct ar iao 'aonṡuḡaó le reanḡar na
 hEaglaire. Páḡánaiḡ do b'eaó na Fianna, áct níor
 b'aon ríogḡáil a n-éácta ir a nḡíomaiḡa 'aíḡur do
 luḡt an fíri-ḡieroiḡ, aḡur oá bḡiḡ rin ceapann an
 rḡéalurḡe ḡaeḡealaḡ ḡur fan Oirín ir Caoilte 'n-a
 mbeaḡaró i b'ao tarí éir Caḡa ḡomai 'aḡur Caḡa
 ḡabḡia aḡur Caḡa Ollaiḡba aḡur millte ir barḡḡa na
 b'Fiann i ḡcoitḡiann. O'fan 'n-a b'roḡai áóḡar beaḡ
 do'n ḡnáit-Fiann. Do rḡar Oirín ir Caoilte le céile,
 aḡur i ḡcúir a riublóirḡe do buail Caoilte um naom
 páḡaiḡ. B'eaḡtaḡ an coinne do bí eaḡorḡa. Bí
 ionḡnaó ar páḡaiḡ ir a i muinntir ar feirint méio
 ir tréine ir calmaḡta na ḡcupaó úo. B'é an rean-
 faoḡal aḡur an faoḡal nuaó i noáil a céile, aḡur b'i
 an oáil ḡnearta, ḡaoin, ḡeanaraḡ í. Bí fonn ar páḡaiḡ
 éácta na b'Fiann do ḡloirint, áct tarí éir tamailḡ tá
 aḡiar aḡe ḡur oḡai oá oiaóáct é, aḡur táinḡ oá
 ainḡil fóiri-ḡoiméaḡta páḡaiḡ cum an aḡiar rain do
 bain oe, aḡur oibḡarai leir rḡéala na ḡcupaó do cupi
 ríor "i támlorḡaib fileo, ocur i mbḡiaḡaiḡ ollamán,
 óir buo ḡairḡuḡaó do oionḡaib ocur do oeg oainib
 oeiḡo aimprie eirḡecht rḡur na rḡélaib rin."

Tarí éir an uirabḡia rain riublaio páḡaiḡ aḡur
 Caoilte timḡeall na hÉiréann, aḡur níḡ iáct ná cnoc
 ná tulaḡ naḡ móri ná fuil eaḡḡia ari ó béal ḡaoilte.
 Tarí éir a oḡur a téirḡo ḡo Teamairi mai a b'fuil Oirín

Christian story-tellers exploited the adventures of the Fianna, and how they endeavoured to harmonize them with the history of the Church. The Fianna were Pagans, but there was no harm in reciting their deeds and exploits for the true believers, and for this reason, the Irish story-teller invents the fable that Oisín and Caoilte lived on long after the battle of Comar, and the battle of Gabhra, and the battle of Ollarba, and after the ruin and destruction of the Fianna in general. With them there remained a small number of the rank and file of the Fianna. Oisín and Caoilte separated from one another, and in the course of their wanderings Caoilte met St. Patrick. Wonderful was the meeting that took place between them. St. Patrick and his company wondered at beholding the stature, the strength and the bravery of these champions. It was the meeting of the old order of things and of the new, but mild, and gentle, and friendly was the meeting. Patrick was anxious to hear the exploits of the Fianna, but after some time he suspects that his piety would suffer from the recital, and his two guardian angels came to take away that suspicion, and they told him to set down the stories of the heroes in "the tabular staffs of poets and in words of ollamhs since to the companies and nobles of later time to give ear to the stories will be for a passtime."

After this discourse, Patrick and Caoilte travel around Ireland, and there is scarce a rath or hill or mound about which we have not got a story from the lips of

iompa, ir mar a bfuil fíleat Teanmíac ar riu bal, agus aithneir Caoilte ir Oirín o'fearaib Éireann gníomairt na bfiann, agus beirir riu Éireann leo na rgealta ram, iar rgaritad oóib, go cúis áirioib na hÉireann. Ó foir amac níor tair rgeal fionnuigeadta ar rgealuirde mair, ir ní mair baile i nÉirinn náir aithneir ann ar innir na cuirirde ar an látar rir. Ir oóig linn féir gur b'é beannaict Páorais ar rgealtaib Caoilte ir Oirín ro tuis an oirde ram rgaritad oirt ar fuair na tíre; ar rir amac níor gabad roir na Cuiriruirde eagla beir oirt i rtaob na rgeal ro na bPáorais o'aithneir.

'San úir-rgeal ar a ngarimtear "Agallair na rean-óirac," ar ar tuisamar cúntar tuar, ir iomra rgeal grinn, ir iomra foillruigad doibinn, ir iomra rean-cuirne ar éadair na bfiann, agus ar nóir na rean-airirre atá le rarbáil; agus ir brieág, mair, doibinn an éair atá ann fóir. Ba oóig leat go mair meairir ir cuirne ag ríac gleann rleibe, ir teanga ag ríac ríotán, agus fóir eolar i ríoirde-lair ríac rean-ríotáir, ir go ríuir ríad a ríuir reanair i n-uirail ro Caoilte, ir go n-airtuirgeann eirrean go teangair ríonna é, i ríre go ríuirgead Páorais é.

Tá rgeal fionnuigeadta eir ar a bfuil léir-airne ag alán; rir é "Tóiruirgead Oirirara agus Gráinne," i n-a bfoillruigtear ríinn éad, ir fear, ir cuirde-íoirdead fínn. Cíor gur mair-cuirad fíonn, ní mair Gráinne ráir le é beir air mar éirle, agus ro tóir rí Oirirara Ha Duirne i n-a ionad. Tar éir alán ro réar-cáuirgírb, tá Oirirara ag rarbáil báir ar úirir

Caoilte. After their travels they go to Tara, where Oisín is before them, and the Feast of Tara is being held, and Caoilte and Oisín recite for the men of Erin the exploits of the Fianna, and the men of Erin, on separating, take these stories with them to the five distant points of Erin. Thenceforward, no story-teller ever was at a loss for a Fenian tale, and there was no village in Erin in which what the heroes told on that day was not recited. It seems to us that it was the blessing of Patrick on the stories of Caoilte and Oisín that gave such great publicity to them throughout the country. Thenceforward, there was no need that Christians should be afraid to recite these stories of the Pagans.

In the romance which is entitled the "Colloquy with the Ancients," from which we have taken the above account, many pleasing descriptions, many reminiscences of the exploits of the Fianna, and of the manners of the olden time are to be found; the style is pretty, sweet and delightful. One would imagine that every mountain and valley had an intellect and a memory, and every streamlet a tongue, and besides, that knowledge dwelt in the very recesses of every ancient ruin, and that they tell Caoilte of their history, and that he translates it into human speech so that Patrick might understand it.

There is another Fenian tale which is well-known to many, it is the "Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," in which the jealousy and rage and hard-heartedness of Fionn are brought clearly before us. Though Fionn was

Beanna Shulbain, aghur o'féarfaó Fionn é do fáoiatá ó'n mbár dá mb'áil leir deoó uirge do tabairt éirge. Tá Orzari ag aócairir air an deoó do tabairt uairó, aó níl maítear 'n-a glóir. Fá óeirneatá tóganann fé uirge iorir a óá lámh, aó tuiteann an t-uirge o'áon-am uairó. Déanann fé an cleaí céatona aóir, aghur an tpeaí uairir air teaó fá óéin an oóair oó, "irzari an t-anam íe colainn Óiarimata."

Tar éir báir Óiarimata, meallann Fionn Shíáinne, ír fanann ír aige go báir.

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an cúigeatá halt.

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TRI TRUAIGE NA SGÉALUIGEAÓTA.

Tá an deiríuóeaó ro iorir an lituigeatá píóir atá agoinn ór na ciantaib ír an lituigeatá do cumatá tim-
ceall aimíre doóa uí Néill, gur minic a bíonn píór
aimíre uí Néill tubac, bíónac, oílb, aghur úmóir
do píór na fean-uógar lán o'ácar ír o'aitear. Do
cumatá an píór íain i n-aimíre na laó air ná maib
eagla ná uamain, ír do éirí pímpa éaóta iongantaca ír
gníomairta laóair do óéanain, aghur do íunn na gníom-
airta íain le meirneac ír le meanmain. Suíóir áro-íuóte
cum feirir ír féarfa ír bainnir i hallaíuib maíreamla;

a great hero, Grainne was not pleased to have him for a spouse, and fixed upon Diarmaid O Duibhne in his stead. After many sharp struggles Diarmaid is laid out to die on the top of Beann Gulban, but Fionn could save him from death if he chose to bring him a drink of water. Osgar entreats him to give the drink, but his pleading is vain. At last he takes up water between both his hands, but the water he lets drop from him purposely. He repeats the same trick, and the third time as he approaches the sick man, "the soul of Diarmaid goes out of his body."

After the death of Diarmaid, Fionn wins over Grainne, and she remains with him till death.

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CHAPTER V.

THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY.

There is this difference between the prose literature that has come down to us from a remote past, and the literature created in the time of Hugh O'Neill and thereabouts, that the prose of O'Neill's time is often sad, sorrowful and melancholy, while the greater part of the prose of our ancient authors is full of joy and delight. That prose was created in the time of heroes who knew neither fear nor trembling, and who proposed to themselves to perform wondrous exploits and feats of bravery, and who accomplished these deeds with courage and

bíto na báirto aḡ cantain le rḡléir ír le ríir-binnear, aḡur líontar cioróe na n-uairle, roir fear ír bean, le hátar le neart milreáda a ḡceoil. Gluairto ḡair-ḡiúig dáraáa ar riubal rá ḡearaib éum rmaáct to éur ar átaá mio-náiraeá éigin, nó éum bean uaral to méirteáa ó óaor-bhuir. Tá réan ír ronar ar an otír ar raó. Tá ruaim átar riu i otireraib coimearḡair ír i ḡcoḡaó na lann inr na laetib reo.

Áct anoir ír arír, i mbeáto na nḡairḡiúeáa ro, bíonn éáda triairḡmíleáa 'nuair éurieann rioc-máirae ír fearḡ ír ríocmáiraeáa ríóḡ ronar ír tubairt ar éuráóib; ír ní ḡan úir-rḡéaltaib triairḡmíleáa atá an aimreair reo—rḡéalta triairḡiúeáa ruirte ḡo reairreáa, aḡur rlaáctuirḡe ḡo líomta. Táto na rḡéalta ro aḡainn i nuao-eaḡar, áct ní réirir ḡan ruan na rean-airiríe to mótuḡaó inr na nóraib, na rmuaintib, ír na rúirib cioróe ír riu inr na rócraib réin, ḡo móir-móir inr na laoirótib beaḡa atá anirio ír aniríto rḡairirḡe triú ḡaá úir-rḡéal. Triááto tar aimirir i ná raib eolar ar laoirótib lairne, ná ar éol na heaḡlaire, aḡur i n-a raib réite dá nreánaim to laóraib oirreairae. Táto na húir-rḡéalta ro, amáá, lán to áaire ír to triairḡmíel, ír to ráir-éneartaáct, i otreo ná ruil a ráruḡaó le raḡbáil i mearḡ lirirḡeáda na heorpa to'n aimirir éeátoá. Ír raó ro na rḡéalta triairḡe ar ír réáir atá airne, "Oiréao Cloinne Lir," "Oiréao Cloinne Uirirḡ," ír "Oiréao Cloinne Turieann."

Dála "Oiró Cloinne Lir," ní ríig linn ḡo

high spirit. Over-kings sit down to banquets and festivals and marriage feasts in beautiful halls ; the bards sing with rapture and true melody, and the hearts of the nobles, lords and ladies alike, are filled with delight at the sweetness of their music. Bold champions fare forth under *geasa* to bring some stubborn giant under subjection or to set a noble lady free from bondage. The whole land is happy and prosperous. There is a sound of joy even in the ranks of battle and in the strife of spears in these days.

But now and again in the lives of these heroes there are pathetic episodes when the mischief and wrath and cruelty of a king bring misfortune and misery on heroes, and this period is not wanting in romances of pathos, —tragic tales, beautifully conceived and finely finished. We have these tales in a modern form, but one cannot fail to perceive traces of the old times in the habits and modes of thought described, in the aspirations and even in the words themselves, especially in the little poems scattered here and there throughout each romance. They treat of a time in which there was no acquaintance with Latin Hymns or with Church music, and in which renowned heroes were being transformed to gods. These romances are full of tenderness and of pathos and of gentleness of spirit, so much so, that in this they are unsurpassed in the literatures of Europe of the same period. The pathetic tales which are best known, are “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” “The Fate of the Children of Uisneach,” and “The Fate of the Children of Tuireann.”

As regards “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” it has

mbuarðeað þuam ari ari ðruaiðmél náðúitæ iʀ ari íom-
 áigæact neam-ðuibearaið. Þí ceactiari leanb þó-mai-
 eamail aʒ ʒi—tʀiúi mac aʒur inʒean, aʒur iʀ í an
 inʒean labiari oð'n ðuro eile i þit an iʒéil. Iʀ ʒeári
 ʒo bʀuairi máctari na leanb þo báʀ, aʒur ʒuri þór ʒi a
 oearibʀiúi ðoife. Þuaçann ðoife Clann ʒi le þuaç
 leaʀ-máctari, aʒur taʒann toçt buile aʒur éaða 'n-a
 oþioç-çþioðe 'nuairi bʀaçann þí ʒo oʀuʒann a þeair þeair
 a çléib oóib, aʒur ná cuiþeann þé iʀþéiʀ ná þuim innte
 þéin. Þí þonn uirte iað oð çuri çum báʀ, açt níopi
 bʀéioiri ðoinne o'þaʒbáil çum an ʒníom þin oð éanam.
 Le neair a éaða oð ʒeáriþað þí þnáit a þaoʒail le n-a
 láim þéin, açt ʒo moçuiʒeann þí laiʒe a tola iʀ taiʀe
 mnámail. Ari an ʒcuma þo iʀ coʀmáil le mnaoi míc
 þeit í, ʒabari a leaç-iʒéal þéin nári buail þí buile
 millte ari ðuncan mari ʒeall ari an ʒcoʀmaileaçt oð
 bí aʒe le n-a haçari 'n-a çotlað. Ní'l i mbaot-ʒlóri
 mná míc þeit, aʒur i n-a móri-ʀtoim o'þoclaib aʒ
 ʒríoruʒað a þiri çum ʒníomariçta, açt iariaçt ari a
 laiʒe þéin oð çéilt.

Þæt níopi çaiʀe o'ðoife. Lá áirte çuri þí na leinb
 aʒ þnám ari loç Þairibþeac, aʒur 'nuairi bioðari 'ran
 uirʒe o'airtʀiʒ þí 'n-a n-ealaiðitib iað le neair oþaoið-
 eaçta. Annþain iariþao na healaiðte oaðonna þo ari a
 leaʀ-máctari bʀioçmairi iʀþár oð çuri le n-a ʒcuiarð-çár
 aʒur oð çuri —

“Nó ʒo ʒcomþiaçþarð an þean i nveair aʒur an þeair
 i oʀuarð nó ʒo þaðtaoi tʀí çéað bliaðan

never, perhaps, been surpassed for natural pathos and strange imaginativeness. Lir had four most beautiful children, three sons and a daughter, and it is the daughter that acts the spokeswoman for the others in the course of the narrative. The mother of the children soon died, and Lir married her sister Aoife. With a step-mother's hate does Aoife hate the children of Lir, and her bad heart is seized with a fit of frenzy and jealousy, when she suspects that her husband extends his soul's love to them and that he is neither interested nor concerned in herself. She intended to put them to death, but could find no one to commit that crime. Urged on by her jealousy she would herself cut the thread of their lives, but she perceives the weakness of her will and her womanly tenderness. In this wise she is like Lady Macbeth who excuses herself for not striking a deadly blow at Duncan, by alleging that he was like her father when he slept. Lady Macbeth's empty boastings and her storm of speech urging on Macbeth to the deed, are nothing but attempts to hide her own weakness.

But Aoife does not rest content. One day she put the children to bathe on Loch Dairbhreach and when they were in the water, she transformed them into swans by the power of magic. Then these human swans ask their cruel step-mother to put a period to their hard plight, and she put a period,—

“Until the woman from the south and the man from the north are united until you shall

arí loč Dairibíreac, agus trí céad bliadhán arí Spuit na Maoidle, roimí Éirinn agus Albain, agus trí céad bliadhán i nIorpiar Domnainn agus i nInir Gluaire b'féanam."

Atá áit éigin le fağbáil arí doirfe. Ní tís léi anoir toirí a miorcaire do tógbáil díob, áit luígeatuiğeann rí a gcuid anpóiz cóim móir agus ir fétuir léi. Fágann rí aca a meabairí daonna féin, agus a n-úirlabha Saéoilge féin, agus neart ceol do fémim cóim binn, cóim mílir rin ná féadfaó rluaiğte fearğaca, námaíreamla coólaó do f'éanaó dá f'áirí-éirteaó.

Ir mó-ğeáirí guri moçuiğeaó amuiğ na páirtríoe, agus ó'aitin lír 'n-a aigneaó féin guri iunneaó léiri-rğuror oirca, agus éuaíó ré gan rtao go b'ruaóair loča Dairibíreac; agus innirio na healaríoe daonna rain do guri bíao a cúio cloinne féin íao, agus ná fuil ré 'n-a gcumar an oirteaó daonna do ġlacao arí. Ir í Fionn-ğuala an inğean a labhair:—

"Ní fuil cumar ağainn taob do tabairt'ie don duine fearoa, áit atá arí n-úirlabha Saéoilge féin ağainn, agus atá 'n-arí gcumar ceol ríri-éaótaó do éantam, agus ir leorí do'n éineaó daonna uile do f'áram beit éirteaó leir an gceol rain; agus anair ağainn anocht, agus canam ceol daoirb."

Ní fuiláirí do'n ceol ro beit mílir, roğac, do cúirí ruan arí atairí buairíearíca, éiríóte, ir é ağ f'eaóaint arí beo-mílleaó a ceaíriarí leanb ór cómarí a f'úl, agus ir dear an cunntar 'ran úiri-rğéal ro ruan an atairí go maroin le taoirb an fuarí-loča úo. Níoirí b'faoa ó'n lá rain go

have been three hundred years upon Sruth na Maoile, between Erin and Alba and three hundred years at Iorras Donnann and Inis Gluaire Brendan."

But Aoife has some kindness left. She cannot now take from them the evil effects of her malice, but she diminishes their discomforts as much as she can. She leaves to them their own human reason and their own Irish speech and the power of discoursing music so sweetly, so melodiously, that angry, hostile armies could not refrain from sleep while listening attentively to it.

In a short time the children were missed, and Lir felt in his own mind that destruction had been wrought on them, and he proceeded without halt to the shores of Loch Dairbhreach, and these human swans inform him that they are his own children, and that it is not in their power to go back to their human shapes again. It is the daughter, Fionnghuala, who speaks :—

"We have not power to associate with any person henceforth, but we have our own Irish Language, and we have power to chant wondrous music, and listening to that music is quite sufficient to satisfy the whole human race ; and stay ye with us this night and we will discourse music for you."

That music must of necessity be sweet and soothing which put to slumber a sad and troubled father, who beheld the living ruin of his four children before his eyes, and it is a beautiful episode in this romance, that the father sleeps till morning beside that cold lake.

οτάνις οίοζαλταρ κόρη αη Δοιρε, μαη ο'αιρτιμζ Βοούβ
Θεαηζ Le οηαιοθεατ ι ζο θεαμην αειη.

Αζυρ ανοιρ τορμζεαηη παοζαλ τοιιβ, βριόνατ na η-έαν
πο. Βα όθονα αη τρεο βί οητα αη Λοτ Θαηιβηεατ, ατ
αηηραιν το τίζ Λεο α ζαίηθε ο'αζαλλαη, αζυρ ceol το
ηειηηη το έυηηεατ ηλυαιζε έυη ηυαη. Ατ βί α ηέ
cαιττε, αζυρ το β'έηζεαη οόιβ τοιυ έυη αοιζεαττα αη
Σηυτ na Μαοιλε. Β'έαττατ έ αη αηιό αζυρ αη cηυαό-
ταν ο'ηυλαινζεαθαη ό ηιοτ, ό βάηητς, ηη ό ζαηιβ-ηίον,
αζυρ ηη βηεάζ α φοιλλιηζτεαη έ 'ηαη ύηη-ηζεάλ.

“Cιό τιά ατ τάνις μεαύοη οιόθε έύτα, αζυρ το έυηηη
αη ζαοτ ηέ, αζυρ το ηέαυηζεαθαη na τοηηα α οτρεαταη
αζυρ α οτοημάν, αζυρ το λοηηηαιζ τεηηε ζεαλάη, αζυρ
τάνις ηζυαβατ ζαηιβ-αηφατ αη ηαο na ηαιηηηζε, ιοηηαη
ζυη ηζαηαθαη Clanna Ληη Le έέηη αη ηεατ na μόηη-
μαηα, αζυρ τυζατ ηεατρίαη αη έυαη έηηη-λεατταη οηηα,
ζο ηατ ηεαταη ηεατ οίοβ cηα ηίηε, ηό cηα cοηαη α
ηθεατάρη αη έυηη εηλε.”

Συλ αη ηάζαθαη Σηυτ na Μαοιλε το ηυαηαθαη ηατάρη
εηλε αη α ζαηαηα, αζυρ ηη έαττατ αη ηζεάλ ηά τάνις
αοη ηά βάρ αη Ληη ηά αη α cοηηλατ Le cέαοταιβ
βηιαταη. Ιηη αη παοζαλ πο ι η-α μαηηη, τά οηαιοθεατ
αη ζατ ηιό, ηη ηί έαζαηη αοη ηά θεαcαηη ηά ζαλαη αη έηη
ηά αη ύαοηηιβ. Ηί'η 'ηαη τπαοζαλ πο αη ηαο ατ ηίοηη-όηζε,
ηη μαηηε, ηη ύηη-βηεάζτεατ.

Ιαη βηάζβάιη Σηοττα na Μαοιλε οόιβ το τυζαθαη α
η-αζατάρη αη Ιοηηαη Όοηηηαηηη, αζυρ ηη αηηηο το cαηατ
οητα όηζ-ηεαη το έυη ηίοη cυηηταη α η-έατ, αζυρ Λέη
ηιό-τατηηζ ηηηηεατ α ηζοττα, αζυρ ηη τυζτα ηά θεαηα

Not long after that date a just vengeance came on Aoife, as Bodhbh Dearg transformed her by means of magic into a demon of the air.

And now the sad, sorrowful life of these birds begins. Sad was their plight on Loch Dairbhreach, yet, there they could converse with their friends and discourse music which put hosts to sleep. But now their time was due, and they must perforce take up their abode at Sruth na Maoile. Surprising was the labour and hardship they underwent by reason of the frost, the rain and the inclement weather, and beautifully are these troubles described in the romance.

“Now, when midnight came upon them and the wind came down with it and the waves grew in violence and in thundering force, and the livid lightnings flashed and gusts of hoarse tempest swept along the sea, then the children of Lir separated from one another and were scattered over the wide sea, and they strayed from the extensive coast so that none of them knew what way or path the others wandered.”

Before they left Sruth na Maoile they beheld their friends once again, and it is strange that neither age nor death came upon Lir and his party, though hundreds of years had passed. In this world in which they live, everything is under the spell of magic, nor age nor trouble nor disease comes on land or people. In this world there is only perennial youth, and beauty and loveliness.

When they left Sruth na Maoile they proceeded to Iorras Domnann and here they fell in with a youth who wrote an account of their adventures, and who was delighted with the sweetness of their voices, and it is to

gum annraim ghluaireann uimnaígte an céad uair ó
béal Fionnghuala, agus go n-iarrann sí ar a deari-
bháctraib géilleadh do'n t-aon Dia. Tar éir a tseimhe
beir caithe annraim fillio cum Síe Fionnachair, mar
ar bháctaraí go mbeadh

“Lir go n-a teaíla, agus a muinn-tear uile,” aet
“ir amharó fuairadar an baile fár folam ar a gcionn,
gan aet maol-íáta glara agus oirpeada neannta ann,
gan tig, gan teime, gan tpeib.”

Fá oirpead teaímuigir leir na Cíorctuiróib, agus
fillio ar a gcruí daonna aír. Aet do cuir na bliadanta
oirá, agus ir cionna, foiribte, fann na sean-daime iad
anoir. Bairtear iad, agus tuitio i ráim-coólaó an báir.

Ir oíig linn-ne ná fuil rgeal le raíbháil i mte na
litmuígeada Gaedilge com héada, com hiongantac le
“hOirpead Cloinne Lir.” Tríáctann ré ar léir-bhupead
na nóir nÉipeannaó do táimig le teaet na Cíorct-
uirpeada. Cuireann ré i n-uimail túinn náir éirigir an
Cíorctuirpead n-ar oírí mar fár na haon-oiré, aet
gum mall-céimead, neam-tapair do íocmuig sí n-ar
meirg. Ir é cialluigeann an fárac do fuairadar na
hém mopa ar a bfilladh cum baile ná mead na nóir
brághaó ir oirpeada, agus an oirpí mór do bí oirpí
an Sean-faoíal agus an Saoíal Nuad i nÉirinn. Ir é
cialluigeann an túil do bí ag na héanaib daonna ro
géilleadh do Cíorctuirpead ná ullmaet náóirpá na
túitce cum an oirpeam ceap do glacaó, ir an
buairtear réim do táimig oirá ná na héada náóirpá

be noticed that it is there for the first time that prayers escape from the lips of Fionnghuala, and that she asks her brothers to believe in the one God. When their period is spent here they return to Sith Fionnachadh, where they expected to find

“Lir with his household and all his people,” but “they only found the place a desert and unoccupied before them, with only uncovered green raths and thickets of nettles there, without a house, without a fire, without a place of abode.”

At length they fall in with Christians and they return to their human shape once more. But the years had told on them and now they are old, weak and withered. They are baptized, and sink into the quiet sleep of death.

It seems to us that there is no tale to be found in Irish Literature so strange, so wonderful as that of “The Fate of the Children of Lir.” It deals with the breaking up of Irish customs that took place on the coming in of Christianity. It reminds us that Christianity did not spring up in our land as a mushroom growth, but that it is with a slow and steady step it advanced and settled down amongst us. The desert the birds found on their return signifies the decay of pagan and druidical customs and the vast difference that existed between the Old World and the New in Erin. The desire of believing in Christianity evinced by these human birds signifies the natural aptitude of the country for accepting the true faith, and even the very hard-

do éirí na daoine i dtíre an nuairó-éagairg do glacadó.
 I dtíre an rgeil faghaoid maóaire ar éirí na n-íosaí,
 le n-a curo aitiú i' doibh, le n-a curo crioácta i' r
 meanman. I' ríora-íaríar atá ór comair ar rúl, áct
 bhuir na oíoc-élaonta amaé ann, i' r dá óruim rin
 déinteair deairg-fáraé do'n íaríar raim. Ní fanann
 ann áct bhuir i' buairdeair i' uairdeair, agus i' meairg
 uairdeair i' buairdeair na dénte airdeair ceol na
 Crioitíreácta com ciúin, com mílir le gúe na cuairce
 ar bheacaó an trairíar. Ar dtíre ní puinn do géill-
 teair do'n ceol raim, áct i' gceonn tamail déiríge
 cluig na heagluir an macalla ó gleann i' comair ar
 ruair na tíre ar fáo.

B'féirí, leir, go bfuil corraileáct éigin 'ran
 rgeal ro leir an rglabuirgeáct o'fulaingearair ceirce
 cúiríre na hÉireann fá óair-rmaé na nGall, nuair
 náir fágaó ruair dá mbeair náiríunta aca, áct a
 teanga déiríair féin agus a gceol mó-mílir.

Trairíreáct óimín, óilb, fuilmeair i' ead Oiréad
 Cloinne Uiríge, róuirge ar feall neam-éruairmeileáct.
 Atá ann cáiríre na n-uir-rgeal, cío go bfuil ré
 leairge i' bfuinne an treairíair, agus go bfuil cair-
 meam agus ór na ríaríar ar a lán oir na daomí
 do éaguirgeair ann linn, agus fóir baimeann ré go
 olúe le beirí ur-rgeal mó-ferímeamail eile.

Do bí Concúair, Rí Ulaó, ag caiteam fleirí i' dtíre
 a íearíre, agus do ruair mgean do'n treairíre.
 Aveir Caíar, an íosaí, i' uairdeairé, go uairíar

ships they were subjected to signify the natural calamities that prepared the people for the acceptance of the new doctrine. In the beginning of the tale we get a glimpse of the Erin of the druids and its joys and delights, its valour and high-spiritedness. It is a veritable paradise that is set before our eyes, but evil passions break out, and through their means this paradise is converted into a desert. Only sorrow and trouble and loneliness dwell there, while amid the loneliness and trouble of the land there is heard the music of Christianity as gentle, as sweet as the voice of the cuckoo at the dawn of Summer. At first little heed is paid to this music, but after a little time the church bells awaken echo from glen and cave throughout the whole country.

Perhaps also there is some resemblance in this story to the slavery undergone by the four provinces of Erin under the tyranny of the foreigners, when no trace of their natural existence was left them, but their native speech and their own delicious music.

“The Fate of the Children of Uisneach” is a deep melancholy bloody tragedy, founded on pitiless treachery. It has the characteristics of the romances, though it is based on historic truth, and we have historic knowledge of some of the characters we meet in it. Besides, it is closely connected with two other splendid romances.

Conchubhar, King of Ulster, was feasting in the house of his historian, and to the historian a daughter is born. Cathbad, the druid, declares in prophecy that she

míó-ás ír milleaó ar Cúigeaó Ulaó ar fao, agus tugann ré D'éiríope mar ainm uirthé. Óirouíštear í do cóngháil fá leit i nualtaóar, agus ar moctain aoire mná ói, labriann sí go mínaó ar an máire tob'áil léi beir ar an bfeair do pórraó sí. Deirtear léi go bfuil a leitéir rin o'óis-feair i gcúirt an míó. Teagmair le céile, agus éalúigir ariach go hAlbain, agus téir beirí dearbhrácair naoire le n-a cóir. Tagann míó-fuamnear ar an míó, i nriaró na mná maireamla, agus lapann a éiríre cum oíogaltar do baint ar na cupaóidib. Aó cía bainfeair an oíogaltar fain oíob? Ní hé Cú Cúlainn ná Conall Ceáinaó, aó aó aó éirí le fágháil ar ffeairíur Mac Róig, agus cuirtear go hAlbain é a n-iarriaró.

Tornuigeann triaigiméil an rgeil i gceair nuair do ghríorann an t-ás naoire trié neair tír-ghráda cum ghuairéaó a baile, ír gan toiraó do beir aige ar aócairí ná ar bagairí D'éiríope. Cum naoire ionntaóib i bfeairíur, agus do meallaó é. Ní oíó go bfuil i liriugeaó aon rtaí ír bhrónaige agus ír oíilbe ná beo-cuimne D'éiríope as fágháil na hAlban ói:—

“Mo éion oíit a tír úr fíor, agus ír mó-olc liom tú o'fágháil, óir ír aóibinn do cuain agus do éalaó-fuirt agus do maíá mion-rgotaó, caom-áilne, agus do túlca taitneamaca, taob-uaine, agus ír beas do léigearaí a lear tú o'fágháil.”

Agus annrain leanann laoiró beo-éaointe, oíubhrónaó, uaigneac. Ní léir-éarngairéaó labriar D'éiríope, aó

would bring misfortune and the destruction of the entire province of Ulster, and he gives her the name of Deirdre. Directions are given that she be kept apart in fosterage, and when she grows up to woman's estate, she speaks cryptically of the beauty she should desire in the man who would be her husband. She is informed that such a youth is to be found in the king's court. They meet, and both escape to Alba, and Naoise's two brothers go along with him. Unrest seizes the king through the absence of the comely woman and his soul lights up to take vengeance on the heroes. But who will thus avenge them? Not Cuchulainn or Conall Cearnach! But Feargus Mac Roigh shows signs of weakness and he is accordingly sent to Alba to fetch them.

The pathos of the tale begins in earnest when Fate urges Naoise through love of country to return home, disregarding the entreaties or the threats of Deirdre. Naoise trusts to Feargus and is deceived. There is not, perhaps, in literature, any passage more sad and melancholy than the live-lament Deirdre chants as she is leaving Alba:—

“My love to thee O Land of the East, and distressed am I at leaving thee, for delightful are thy harbours and havens, and thy pleasant smooth-flowered plains, and thy lovely green-browed hills, and little need was there for us to leave thee.”

And then follows a sorrowful, lonely lay of live-lamentation. Deirdre does not speak in open prophecy,

ir geall le tairngaireaċt oġoc-amġar a cġoide:—

“Do ċrġm nġal ’ran aerġ aġur ir nġal šola ġ, aġur to bġarġann comġarġle mġarġ ōaoib-še, a Ċloinn Uirġiġ.”
arġ ši, “oul ġo ōšn ōealġan, marġ a bġuil Cš Ċšlann,
nš ġo ġeairġ šearġur an šleao, aġur beirġ arġ comġarġce
Ċon Ċšlann, arġ eaġla ceirġe Ċoncšbarġ.”

Aċt nġ tuzao ġġilleao ši, amail to ċuirġ luċt na
Ţrae neam-šuim ġ mġrštib Ċaranoša.

“Ō naċ bġuil eaġla ošainn, nġ ōġanšaimġo an ċom-
arġle šin,” arġ šaoše.

Aċt tġršeann a oġoc-amġar ġ lġie aġur ġ nšġine:—

“A Ċloinn Uirġiġ, aġa comġarġa aġam-ša ōaoib-še,
mġ tġ Conċubarġ arġ tġ šeille to ōġanaim ošiaib.”

Aġur taġann an comġarġa šin ċum ċinn, aġur šeirġ ši,
“Ōo bġġarġ mo comġarġle-še to ōġanaim šġ ġan teaoġ
ġo h-Ċirġnn.”

’Sġ bun na šrairġiŋeaoġa an neam-šuim to ċuirġo
Clann Uirġiġ ġ n-aċċairġtib ōġirġe. Aġur anoirġ tġ
šiao ġšeamuirġte ġ šŢiġ na Ċraoibġe Ruairġe, aġur šoš-
nuirġeann an Ţ-ġi. Nġ šġirġi šaoše šġin to šġuirġao
arġ ċšoġaoġ:—

“Aġur nš ġo n-ġirġeaimġar ġainmġ marġa, nš šuille
šeaoġa, nš šššġ šoš šġarġ, nš mġalta neimġe, nġ šġirġi
šišm nġ ġirġeaimġ a šaib to ċeannairġ ċuirġao aġur ċairġ-
mġleao aġur to mġeaoġaoib maoġa-ŋeairġa š lġmairġ
šaoše arġ an lġġairġ šin.”

Aċt nġ šġša ’n-a h-aigġeao bġ ōġirġe:—

“Ōarġ mo lġim, ir buaoġġ an šurġar šin to širġeaoġ
lib, aġur ir oġc an ċomġarġle to širġeaoġar šaoġao le
Conċubarġ ġo bġaoġ.”

but her soul's suspicions resemble prophecy.

"I behold a cloud in the sky and it is a cloud of blood, and I would tender you a good advice, O Sons of Uisneach," she says "that you go to Dun Delgan where Cuchulainn is, until Feargus has partaken of the feast, and that you abide under the protection of Cuchulainn through fear of Conchubhar's deceit."

But her words were disregarded just as the Trojans disregarded the words of Casandra.

"As we are not afraid we will not follow that advice," says Naoise.

But her suspicion of evil becomes clearer and its expression more vehement:—

"Sons of Uisneach, I have a sign for you as to whether Conchubhar intends to practise treachery against you."

And the sign she gives comes to pass, and she says,

"It would have been better to follow my advice and not come to Erin."

The disregard of the Sons of Uisneach for Deirdre's entreaties is the foundation of the tragedy. And now they are held close in the Red Branch House, and the slaughter begins. Naoise himself is unsurpassed for bravery.

"And till the sands of the sea or the leaves of the woods or dewdrops on the grass or the stars of heaven are numbered, one cannot count or reckon what number there was of heads of heroes, of warriors and of bare red necks from the hands of Naoise on that spot."

But Deirdre is uneasy in her mind.

"By my hand, victorious was that sally which you made—and evil was your resolve ever to put your trust in Conchubhar."

Anoir léimro tar na ballairíib. ir beimro Déimrope leo, agus beiríir ríaoi ar Concubairí go bpiát muna mbeaó gupí cúirí an tíaoi, ag géilleaó do'n píóg, coris le n-a gceioúacé. Tuitio Clann Uirnióg. agus éagann Déimrope ar uaióg Naíre. Mallaécúigeann an tíaoi Eamain, agus tarngairieann pé ná beirí ríioéc Concubairí go bpiát i Ríioacé Ulaó.

'San úir-rigéal ro ir léirí gupí b'é oibriugáó an aíg éimnte cloé-bun na triaigíroacéa. Tugtarí íarpiacé ar an t-ágí ríain do ríeanaó, agus Déimrope dá bagairie gan ríoirieam ar Naíre, ir dá óeimniugáó, acé ní géilleann Naíre dá gíóir. Fíoir-ríaoí do b'éaó ar uairibí an tíaoi, acé comílionann pé ríein mórián dá tarngairieacé, agus ir óeallpíamác ná píabí ríoir aige go millpíeáó an Rí Clann Uirnióg 'nuairí do b'ain pé le tíoairíroacé a gcumar tíoib. Acé tarí éirí a n-éaga, pílleann an tarngairieacé aríir aipí. Ir éacéacé é cumíacé an tíaoi 'ran ríigéal ro, a neapir tarngairieacéa agus cumar móir-cúiríroé do leagaó; acé cíoó cumíacéacé é an tíaoi, ní'l pé 'n-a cúmar, an t-ágí do círoann pé go tíoicé ag teacé, do ríarpiugáó.

Ní'l ríige agann cum crioib-ríaoileacé do óéanam ar "Oíroacé Cloinne Tuirieann," acé ir í an ionntaoibí do bí aca ar an píóg do óall an crioíroé aca, ir do cúirí ar a gcumar an t-ágí do bí píómpa do ríeanaó.

And now they leap over the ramparts, and they bear Deirdre with them, and they would have escaped Conchubhar for evermore, did not the druid stay their valour in obedience to the king. The Sons of Uisneach fall, and Deirdre dies on the grave of Naoise. The druid curses Emhain and foretells that the descendants of Conchubhar will never reign in Ulster.

In this romance it is obvious that the working of certain fate is the foundation of the tragedy. An effort is made to avoid this fate and Deirdre is incessantly threatening Naoise with it, and drawing attention to it, but Naoise heeds not her voice. The druid was at times a real prophet, but he himself fulfils much of his prophecy, and it is likely that he did not know that the king would destroy the Sons of Uisneach when he deprived them of their strength by magic. But after their death his prophetic soul returns to him. Wonderful is the power of the druid in this romance; great his gift of prophecy, and his capability of overthrowing great heroes; but powerful as is the druid, it is not given to him to avert the fate which he sees coming on.

We have not space to remark upon "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann," but it is their trust in the king that blinded their hearts and that rendered them powerless to avoid the fate that was in store for them.

an séiseaó h a l t.

na hannála.

Do rḡrḡbhaó a lán do ḡrḡr álainn 'ran reáctmaó haorí véas, ḡo móir-móir 'n-a torac. Cioó ḡo bḡuil "Annála Ríogácta Éireann" 'n-a ḡeomnic ar an nḡútaíḡ ar rāo, ó céao-ḡabáil na tíre, ir iomḡa rḡéal ḡreannmair, ir iomḡa tuairirḡ caḡa ir cunnḡar ar earboḡ, ir ar rcoláirle le rāḡbáil ionnḡa, ḡo móir-móir 'ran ḡcuro ir véirḡeanaíḡe vóib. Ir ríorí ḡur tóḡaó an cúro ir mó vōr na hannálaib ó rēan-leabḡaib ná rḡuil aḡainn anoir, aḡur ḡur lean na huḡḡarir rean-caint na leabḡaí ro, ir ḡur rḡrḡbḡarair rēin i ḡcaint aḡbḡeireac, áirra, neam-cōitcīann, ná tuirḡrḡe anoir ḡan vḡaó, acḡ 'n-a vōiarḡ rḡn, ir minic a rḡrḡbḡann rḡao le bḡrḡḡ ir rḡunneam ar cōḡarḡib ir ar cḡeacāib, ir ar an-bḡuro na h-Éireann. Ir vōiḡ ná rḡuil aḡ aon cḡrḡoc 'ran vōmān an oirḡeo rāin reancāir ir rḡéal ir beacāó naom ir rḡlāit, an oirḡeo rāin trācḡa tar ḡac ar ḡaib an tír, ir ar ḡac rāḡar neite bí le rāḡbáil ann—ar a huḡḡarair ir ar a laocḡaib, curḡa i nḡiarḡ a céile ó'n vōtorac, bliāḡain i nḡiarḡ bliāḡna ir acā le rāḡbáil mḡ na hannálaib reo, ó teacḡ Cáerair vā rḡicḡo lá mōm an vōile ḡo vōtí an bliāḡain 1616, v'aoir cḡrḡorḡ.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANNALS.

There was a large amount of beautiful prose written in the seventeenth century, especially at the commencement. Although "The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland" are a chronicle of the entire country, from the first occupation of its land, there are many pleasant stories, many accounts of battles, and notices of bishops and scholars to be found in them, especially in the latter portion of them. It is true that the greater portion of the Annals were selected from old books which we do not now possess, and that the authors preserved the quaint old style of these books, and that they themselves wrote in a strange, antiquated, uncommon style, which would not be understood nowadays without difficulty; nevertheless, they often write with force and vigour on the battles, the spoils, and the slavery of Ireland. No country in the world, perhaps, possesses so much history and legend, so much of the lives of saints and princes, so much notice of what befel the country, and of all things it possessed, of its writers and heroes, so much of all these things, I say, arranged consecutively from the beginning, year after year, as is to be found in these Annals, from the arrival of Cæsair, forty days before the flood, to the year 1616 of the Christian era.

171 nDún na nGall do cuirfeadh le céile an móir-obair
 reo, i gConbheint na mBriátar, “do cáit corpar bíó agus
 ríochtáilne” leir na huígearaib, agus i7 ann do crioct-
 nuigeadh na hAnnála, ’ran mbliadhain 1636. Aoisir
 Miceál ua Cléirigh féin sup b’eadh an dara lá ríctio do
 mí Ianuair, Anno Domini, 1632, do tionnghnaadh an
 leabhar ro i gConbheint Uíúin na nGall, agus “do
 criochnaightheadh i7in gconbheint céona an teachmáth
 lá d’Augurst, 1636.” Dóirtear ar an obair reo go minic,
 “Annála na Ceitriche Mairtirtir.” I7 iad rann Miceál
 ua Cléirigh, Conairie ua Cléirigh, Cucuirighfeadh ua Cléirigh,
 i7 Fearfeara ua Maolconairie. Briátair d’Óir naomh
 Fiancéir do b’eadh Miceál, agus do b’é ainm do
 glaotharóe air ná Tadhg an tSléibe. Do rugadh é
 ’ran mbliadhain 1575, le hair béal áta an Sionnan, i
 gContae Dún na nGall. Bí fé mar dútcár aige beic ’n-a
 éirinnicóe, i7 ní raib éirinnicóe riam i nÉirinn do cuir
 níor mó le céile dá reanóar i7 do beaóar a naomh ná
 an briátair boct ro, mar i7 é do rígiób na leabhair reo
 leana:—“An Réim Ríogiaróe agus naomh Seanóara
 na hÉireann” (1630), “An Leabhar Gabála” (1631),
 i7 ’n-a deannata rann do rígiób fé rannán nuaó i
 n-ar míniú fé mórián do éiríadh-foclaib na rean-ugóar.
 Aoisir harpur go bfuair fé báir ’ran mbliadhain 1643.
 Bí caint mícil féin rimplíóe, deas, mar foillrighítear
 ’ran ream-fochal do cuir fé i ropar na n-Annálaó
 d’feargal ua Gabála.

Bí Cucuirighfeadh ua Cléirigh, tuine eile dor na Mairtirtir-
 tirtíob, ’n-a ceann ar an tleib do muinntir Cléirigh

It was in Donegal that this great work was compiled in the Convent of the Friars who entertained and waited on the authors, and there these Annals were completed in the year 1636. Michael O'Clery himself says that it was on the 22nd day of the month of January, 1632, this book was commenced in the Convent of Donegal, and that "it was completed in the same convent on the 10th day of August, 1632." This work is often called "The Annals of the Four Masters," and these are Michael O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Cucogry O'Clery and Fearfeasa O'Mulconry. Michael was a brother of the Order of Saint Francis and he was usually called Tadhg-of-the-mountain. He was born in the year 1575 beside Ballyshannon in the County of Donegal. He was a hereditary chronicler, and never was there a chronicler in Ireland who compiled more of her history and of the lives of her saints, than this poor friar. For it was he who wrote the following books :— "The Succession of Kings" and "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" 1630), "The Book of Invasions" (1631), and in addition to these he wrote a new glossary in which he explained many difficult words in the old authors. Harris says he died in the year 1643. Michael's own style was simple and pretty, as is shown in the preface to the Annals he wrote for Ferghal O'Gara.

Cucogry O'Clery, another of the Masters, was chief of the tribe of the O'Clerys who were in Tyrconnell.

do bí i oTíuí Conaill. Do rḡuioḃ ré, i oTeannta na n-Annálaḃ, “Beaḃa Aoḃa Ruairḃ Uí Dómnail,” aḡur iḡ ar an leabair raim a tóḡṡar a lán do’n cúro òeipeannaigḡ oḡr na n-Annálaib. Obair álainn, fúinneamail iḡ ead “Beaḃa Aoḃa Ruairḃ.” Ní’l ré ar moḃ na n-Annálaḃ, aḃt cupṡa le céile le bḡig iḡ le taṡac ó túir ḡo oeiḡead. Ní húir-rḡéal, leir, é, aḃt rḡéal fúinnṡe le ceairṡar, rḡéal áir iḡ foṡa iḡ caṡuigṡe, rḡéal írligṡe na hÉipeann, iḡ a cupṡa i n-anbḡuirḃ. Tá caint an leabair reo áirṡa ḡo leoir, aḡur a lán rean-focal iḡ mairṡe le faḡbáil ann ná tuigṡaḃ oḡoir aḃt amám luḃṡ léiginn. Tá an caint, leir, carṡa ḡo leoir, aḡur mórián oi do-tuigṡe. Aṡáir na mianṡa mío-faḃa, aḡur an iomaḃ buaḃ-focal i nṡairḃ a céile ionnṡa, aḃt ’n-a óiarḃ rin iḡ fairṡmeamail, bunaḃaḡaḃ aṡá an caint ann, aḡur annṡo iḡ annṡúo aṡá rí ar laḡaḃ le teap-aigṡead na bḡairḃ iḡ na bḡileadḃ.

Aḡ reo an tuairṡḡ aṡuḡann an t-uḡṡair ro ar éoḡaḃ Earra Ruairḃ —

“Do beairṡar íaríom an uchbḡuinnṡe foir an rḡigeḃ na ḡairbhṡnannam nainmenicrin 7 mo baḃi do ṡreirṡ 7 do ṡrienneairṡ hi rḡuṡṡ na reanabann (amail mo ba bér oi), 7 oaineaṡarigṡarḃe na oḡuim leice ouibḡleimṡe marí éonair coirṡcinn do ṡiomḡloḡ 7 oan oeneirṡe 7 do aḃlaigṡe na nḡall oearḡairḃ airḃearṡa biṡ ḡur mo baḃúirṡ ile oia fḡearaib oia mnáib oia neaṡaib aḡur oia ceairḡib, ḡo mṡec ṡreacṡan an ṡrḡioṡṡa i fúóomam Earra Ruairḃ iatṡ, 7 airṡe rḡair ḡur an mḡur móirṡ.”

Besides the Annals, he wrote a "Life of Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell" and from this book a large amount of the Annals is taken. "The Life of Hugh Ruadh" is a beautiful and vigorous work. It is not in the style of the Annals, but composed with force and vividness from beginning to end. Neither is it a romance but a story told with truth and propriety, a story of slaughter and blood and sorrow, the story of the downfall of Ireland and her bringing into bondage. The style of this book is rather archaic, and there are many antiquated words and phrases in it which only the learned would understand now. The construction is, too, rather involved and much of it hard to follow. The sentences are too long, and too many adjectives are placed consecutively in them, yet the language is forceful and vigorous, and here and there it blazes up with the fire of the seer and the poet.

It is thus the author describes the Battle of Assarœ :—

"They then breasted that fierce unwonted torrent and on account of the strength and power of the current of the river (as was usual with it) and the difficulty of the very smooth surface of the flags as a common passage for the great host, and, moreover, from the weakness and feebleness of the foreigners, through want of a due supply of food, many of the men, women, steeds and horses were drowned, and the strength of the current bore them into the depths of Assarœ and thence westward to the ocean."*

* The text of extract from "Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell" is taken from Father Murphy's edition,

b'é Dubaltaic Mac Fíribíris an ríoláir ba éir-
eannaisge do cúirí gmealaic na tírleab nÉirleannac i
n-easair le ríorí-foğluim. Do rugaó é i Leacan mic
Fíribíris i gConnrae Sligis, timceall na bliana 1585.
Bí a ímreair íorime 'n-a gíomíoríob, agus ír le
ceann aca do ríríobacó ír do cúirleac le céile "Leabair
Lecan" agus "Leabair Buirle Lecan." Do hoileacó
Dubaltaic ían Múimín pá Múimínirí Aodagáin, agus
pá Múimínirí Daboirían, agus do cáit ré úmíorí dá
íaoğluil íaoa as cúir le céile gac air ían an tíac ían
do gmealaicíob na hÉirleann. Ó'n mbliana 1645 go
1650, bí ré ían Íailíim, i gColáirte S. Niccol, as
cúir le céile a íorí-obair, "Craoba Coibneara agus
Geneluis Gaca Gabála dáí gáib Éirle ó'n Amra go
hAdam." 'San Íailíim do bí caríream aige air Ruiríu
Ua Flaataríais agus air uígoair "Cambrensis Eversus,"
agus ír móirí an congnaí do túg ré oíob aiaon. 'N-a
úiaró íin do bí ré air tuaríaral as Síir íamer Uair,
as airríuğaó agus as léirí-míuğaó na íean-uígoair
nGaélealaic go háir Uair, ían mbliana 1666. Do
maríbacó Dubaltaic 'n-a íeanuíne ían mbliana 1670,
i gConnrae Sligis, ír níorí éiríó a leiríó do ríoláir
i nÉiríun ó íoin go haímirí Eogáin Ua Comíaróe.

Dála íorí-obíre Dubaltaic air gmealaic na hÉirleann,
ír íiu an t-ainm do cúirí ré uiríle do ríríobacó go híom-
lán, óir íoilíreann ré úíim bun na hoibíre íin, mar
do ceap aigeacó Dubaltaic é. As íeo an t-ainm:—

Dudley Mac Fírbis was the latest scholar who arranged the genealogies of the Irish tribes with thorough knowledge. He was born in Leacan Mic Fírbis, in the County Sligo, about the year 1585. His ancestors before him were chroniclers, and it was by one of them that "The Book of Lecan" and "The Yellow Book of Lecan" was compiled and written. Dudley was educated in Munster under the Mac Egans and the O'Davorens, and he spent the greater part of his long life in putting together what remained at that time of the genealogies of Ireland. From the year 1645 to the year 1650 he was at Galway at the College of St. Nicholas compiling his great work "The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Tribe that invaded Ireland from the present time up to Adam." At Galway he became acquainted with Roger O'Flaherty and with the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," and great was the assistance which he rendered to both. After that he was hired by Sir James Ware, for translating and explaining the old Irish authors, up to Ware's death in the year 1666. Dudley was murdered in his old age in the year 1670, in the County of Sligo, and so great a scholar did not appear in Ireland till the time of Eoghan O'Curry.

As regards Dudley's great work on Irish Genealogies, it is well to write in full the title he gave it himself, as it reveals to us the object of the work as the mind of Dudley conceived it. This is the title he gave it :—

“Criaoba coibneara agus zeuga geneluis gada gabála
 tári gab Éiríe ó'n amra go hAdam (acé Fomoriais, Loé-
 lannais, agus Saasail amám, lámam ó tanḡadai tári
 ttíu) go naoimḡeanḡar agus méim míoḡiairde fōōla fōr
 agus fá ḡeōis clári na ccuimrighḡeari iar nuir aibḡirde
 na rlointe agus na háite oirdearica luaiter iir
 leabairra do teaghlomaō leir an Dubaltaō Mac Fihirigh
 leacain. 1650.”

Tarí éir éaga an Dubaltais, ní maib fear i nÉirinn
 as a maib eolair cinnnte ar fean-olighḡib na hÉiríeann,
 nó as a maib neart focail doirḡa na fean-uḡdai do
 criaobḡsaileā. Ba móir an méala é gan amhar, agus
 ir náiríeā an rḡeal le n-aithir ná taḡriann Siu Iamer
 Uair maib tó ainm, ciōō ḡuir iomōa fean-rḡrībinn
 doirḡa t'airtuis ré ar ḡaeōilḡ tó, ir ḡuir móir an
 congnaib do tuis ré tó cum a leabair do cūir le céile
 ir do ceartuḡāō. Filleann an feanḡar ar féim. Fear
 eile mar an Dubaltaō do b'eaō Eoḡan Ua Coirde. Ní
 maib fear eile i nÉirinn as a maib an oiríeā rain
 eolair ar fean-litirḡeaōt na hÉiríeann ir ar a fean-
 olighḡib. Ir iomōa lá do cait ré as rḡrúōā leabair
 car-doirḡa na nōlighḡe; do fūir ré an tūāō, ir fūair
 doime eile an clú.

Atá oēt nó naoi n-oibḡieāā eile, bunaōaraāā nó ait-
 rḡrībōēta ó lámh an Dubaltais, Sanarám, 7c. Ní'l i
 leabhair an Dubaltais mórian do ḡrōr bḡioḡmar, acé
 ta an oiríeā rain léiginn ionnta naō ceart iāo do
 tēarímaō ná do léigean i bḡailḡe.

“The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Colony that took possession of Erin from the present time up to the time of Adam, (except the Fomorians, the Lochlanns and the Sax-Normans, only so far so they are connected with the History of our own Country,) together with the Genealogies of the Saints and the Succession of the Kings of Ireland. And finally a Table of Contents in which are arranged in Alphabetical order the Surnames and Noted Places which are mentioned in this Book which was compiled by Dudley Mac Firbis of Lecain in the year 1650.”

After the death of Dudley there was no one in Ireland who had an accurate knowledge of the old laws of Erin, or who could explain the difficult words of the old authors. He was unquestionably a great loss, and it is shameful to have to relate that Sir James Ware never mentions his name, though many are the old obscure texts he translated from Irish for him, and though much was the assistance he gave him to compile his works. History repeats itself. Another such man as Dudley was Eoghan O'Curry. There was no other man in Ireland who possessed so much knowledge of the ancient literature of Erin and of her ancient laws. Many a day did he spend investigating the difficult, intricate, obscure books of the laws. He underwent the labour and others reaped the fame.

There are eight or nine other works original or copied in Mac Firbis's hand, glossaries and such like. There is not in Dudley's books much forceful prose, but they contain so much learning that they should not be forgotten or neglected.

an seachtú aó h a l t.

seachtúin céitinn.

Níl aon ugeara do mune an oipeas le Céitinn cum léiḡeann ir liciuḡeaḡt do cōḡbáil beo i mearḡ na noaoimeas, ḡo mói-móir oaoime leaḡa mōḡa. Níoir b'eaḡ ḡuir ieríob Seachtúin reanḡar mó-beaḡt, mó-cinnḡe, aḡt ḡuir cūir ré le céile i n-aon bolḡ amáin na tuairḡirḡe do bí le faḡbáil ar Éirinn inḡ na rean-leabhair. Ní hair tuairḡirḡ eile le faḡbáil cōm oear, cōm fūinnḡe ir do leaḡ ré ar fuaio na tíre. Ní hair doinne 'n-a ioláirḡe foḡanta ná hair eolar aḡe ar rḡáir Céitinn, ir ní hair cūicōnuḡaḡ oéanta ar ioláirḡe i iolail ḡo mbeaḡ macraimail oéanta aḡe do'n "b'fōirar feara." I mearḡ na oḡuaḡaḡ iimpliḡe ní leompaḡ doinne amhair do cūir ar an ḡcunnḡar ḡuḡann Céitinn ar ḡabáil na hÉirḡeann le Parḡolan, ir leir an ḡcūio eile do'n tḡreib rin ḡair leair. Ní leompaḡ doinne réanaḡ ḡuir cūéimeas ḡaeḡeal ḡlar le naḡar nime, ir ḡuir cneairḡiḡ Maoir a cneas 'ran Éirḡirḡ le fearḡairḡe Oé. Bíoirar na oaoime realbuiḡḡe o'fūinne na rḡéal rain, ir bí a n-uir-móir 'n-a mbéal aca, ir ní hair oán ná laoirḡ ḡan ḡaḡairḡe éirḡin ooir na móir-ḡairḡirḡib ar ar ḡrāḡt Céitinn. Ir oóirḡ linn muna mbeaḡ ḡuir rḡiríobas an "fōirar feara" ná beaḡ cumḡne na rean-airḡirḡe, ná ainmeaḡa na rean-fḡairḡ, ná éaḡa na leomair leaḡ cōm

CHAPTER VII.

GEOFFREY KEATING.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished, till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt, by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have

abairt i n-aighead na n-daoinead i b'íodair leir-céad bliadán ó foin.

I r fíor, go deimhin, go maib na neirte reo i leabhair eile ar ar tóg Seachtúin iad, aet ní'l uir-móir uor na leabhair reo le faibáil i n'ou. Do cáilleamair iad, i r tá an "Foirur Feara" 'n-air meafz, zan focal, zan litir a z teartaibáil uair. Tamall ó foin i r air éigin do bí ouine uairal i zCúigeaó Mumán ná maib a macramail do'n "Foirur Feara" go ceanamail i zcomméad aize. Bí ré a z na daoinib bocta com maib leir na huairib. I r cumhin linn féin faizeaóir boct do maib i nlaicair Ciarraide, náir móir i oteannta oótain na hoirde do bí 'n-a feib, do cairbeáin uom a macramail do Céitinn go ceanamail, cairta i linn-éadaó, i r zan uul a z páirte b'ieit air, ná oioibáil air bit do óéanam uó. Ba zgeall le leabair naomta é air a meaf, i r níoir oíomáoin do bí an leabair rain, maib i r blaicta c'iuinn do bí tuairfz air zac leatanaó de i zceann an faizeaóir, a z uir ba óeacair áiteam air go maib focal aet fíunne 'ran méir do rzióib Céitinn air Fennuir Feairad, air Paictolan, i r an cuir eile aca. Tá cumine Céitinn fór i meafz daoinaó náir léiz, i r ná feacair maib a cuir faoair. I r oioiz leir a lán go maib oiaoióeaet éigin air an nouine, nó z uir ó neam do táiniz ré cum cunnair air rean do tabairt uíinn. Ní móir an t-ionznaó z uir éirio na daoina náir ouine daonna Seachtúin. Do éirib zallua do b'eaó é, aet 'n-a uair rín bí ré uir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoiliceaó ó éirioe amac

been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity,

Saḡaric, Doctúiri Diaḡácta do b'eaḡ é. Fear lúigeannta i laroim ir i leabhair na n-Aitíreac do b'eaḡ é, ir cáit ré a lán dá faoḡal 'ran b'fianc. Áct 'nuair o'fíll ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar fao o'obair na heaḡlaire le oíḡhair ionḡantaisḡ sup cuiread ruarair meata air, ir sup b'ígean oó tul i b'olac i gcumar ooilb i nḡleann eaḡarlac. Ir é an ruo ir ionḡantaisḡ i mbeataíḡ Seacpúin go b'ruair ré uair ir caoi ar na leabhair do ceartuisḡ uair i gcóir a f'eancair, do bailiugad an f'ao do bí fán ir ruarair air. Do f'ubail ré go Connaḡtaib ir go Doiríe, áct ní móir do mear do bí aḡ fearaib uiaḡ ná aḡ Connaḡtaib air. I gcionn trí nó ceatair do bliadantaib bí an "Foir F'eara" go léir curta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do r'griob ré f'or dá leabair diaḡa, "Eocair Sḡiaḡ an Airpunn," aḡur "Trí Bioir-ḡaoite an Báir."

Dála an "Foirair F'eara," tornuigean ré ó'n b'riortorac, ir tagann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do f'eanpannaib i n-a mbailiḡteair ainmeaḡa na oiríeab do táinḡ go h'Éirinn, ir i n-a gcuirteair le céile na heaḡta do bain leo. Tá a b'uil i b'píor oe, leir, annro ir annrú múcta le ainmeaḡaib taoiríeac ir f'laic ir a g'raob g'einealac. Níor ceap Seacpúin don nro ó n-a meabair féin; ḡac a oirigann ré oúinn—na r'ḡealta, na heaḡtaríe, na ḡabáltair na heaḡta ar mair ir ar tír—ruair ré iao go léir i f'ean-leabhair do bí fá mear aḡ ollainnaib ir fáiríb. Ní punne ré áct iao do cur le céile ir o'aoirugad. Dá mbead ré aḡ aic-

a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight, to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa" it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the Tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself, what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea,—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having

ῥησιόβαθ na neíteað ῥin i nṵiu, aḡur a aigheað lán do léiḡeann na haimṛiṃe reo, ní'l deapṃaṃo ná ḡo ḡcuiri-feað ré a lán oíob i leaṡ-ṡaoib̃, do bṃiḡ ná baimeann ṃaṃo le ṃíi-ṃeanṡar. Aṡṡ do ṃeṃíob ré an “Ṣoiur Feapa” ṡá ḡeall le ṡṃí céao bliaðan ó ṃoin, aḡur ní hionḡnaṡ ná ṃaib̃ an oṃeao ṃain aṃṃaiṃ i ṡaoib̃ ṃíunne na n-éaṡṡo an ṡṃáṡ ṃain. Aḡur iṃ maṃ an ḡcéaṡna aṡá an ṃḡeal aḡ ṡíoṃṡaib̃ eile. ṡá a lán éaṡṡ iṃ eáṡṡia i ṃeanṡar na Roṃia do ṡṃeio na Roṃánaṡḡ ḡo hiomlán i n-aṃṃiṃi bṃiḡil iṃ Oibṡo — ná ṃuil ionnṡa aṡṡ úi-ṃḡeálṡa na bṃileað. Aṃ an nóṃ ḡcéaṡna ní ḡéillleann aon ṃḡoláṃe aṃoiṃ ṡ'éaṡṡaib̃ hēnḡiṡ iṃ hoṃiṃá aḡur ṡá leiṡéioṃib̃ ṡ'éaṡṡiaṡib̃ i ṃeanṡar na bṃeataime.

Aṡṡ 'n-a oíaiṡ ῥin, ní ceapṡ a deapṃaṃo ḡo mbíonn bunaðar ṃíunne iṃ na ṃḡeálṡaib̃ reo do ḡnáṡ. Níoi cúm na ṃiliṡe ṃḡeal aṃ ṡṡúiṃ ḡan deallṃiaṃ éiḡin do beṡ aṃ — *nec fingunt omnia Cretæ* — ciṡṡ ḡo ḡcuiriṡeapṡ leiṃ i ṃiṡ na mbliaðan, i ṡṡieo ná haṡṡneoṡaiṡe é ṃá deṃieað. B'olc an baṡl aṃ ṡíi ná beṡ úi-ṃḡeálṡa ṡo'n ṡṡaḡar ṃain cṃuinnḡṡṡe iṃ meapḡṡa ṡṃiṡo a cuṡo ṃeanṡaiṃ. Ba ṡoṃaṃṡa é ná ṃaib̃ ṃile ná ṃáṡo le ṃiṃṡeapṡaib̃ i meapḡ a ṡaoimeað, iṃ náṃi ṃíoi aca a cáil ná a ḡlóii.

Iṃ álainn an oíon-bṃollaṡ a cúṃeann Seáṡṃún le n-a “Ṣoiur Feapa.” O ṡeaṡṡ an ṡaṃia hēnṃí anall cúḡainn iṃ ṃoṃie, níoi ḡab̃ ṃoṃ ná ṃuaṃṃieap na huḡṡoapṡ Saḡṡannaṡḡ aṡṡ aḡ cuṃiṃíoiṃ bṃiéaḡa iṃ ṃḡeálṡa

his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say,"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognize it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies

aithe ar ar n-úttair. Siomhoir de Banna, Stanhupit,
 Camden, Hanmer, ir an treab pain uile—ní maib uata
 aét rinn do cúir fá coir ar tóir, ir ó teir rin orda,
 rinn do marluḡaó i rtaíttair fallra. Agus tar éir ar
 breairann do baint óinn, ba brieduige ir ba tar-
 cairuige do bioḡar 'ná maib. Do tuis Seairín fúta 'ran
 óion-brollac le fuinneam ir le feirg. Do rtoil ré ar
 a céile an ráiméir marluḡaḡeac do cúir an Bannac 'n-a
 leabair, níor fáḡ ré puinn do Stanhupit ḡan réabaó,
 ir tiom é tuirainḡ a láime ar Camden ir ar Spenreir.
 Do deimín ir ḡeall le ḡairḡiḡeac móir éirín é — le Coin
 Cúlainn nó Aicill — a cúir airm ḡléarta 'n-a láim,
 éadaḡ pláta ó mullaḡ cinn ḡo tuiḡtair airm, ir é aḡ
 ḡabáil le óioḡair ir le tian-feirg ar na daoib beaḡa
 ro do deairuib éiteac i ḡcoinnib a úttair, ir do mar-
 luiḡ a muinntear. Dá mbeaó ré ar maiḡtean i noiu,
 tabairfaó ré faobair bata oir na reanḡairib atá anoir
 fá móir-meir, ar fíourde ir ar Mac Amhlaoim, ir ar
 hume.

Doeir ré 'n-a óion-brollac :—

“Ní' l rtairde dá rḡiḡobann ar éirinn naḡ aḡ iairiaó
 loḡta aḡu rtoibéime do tabairt do rean-ḡallair aḡu
 do ḡaeḡealair bio; bio a fiaḡnuiré rin ar an teir
 do beir Cambrenir, Spenreir, Stanhupit, Hanmer,
 Camden, Bannic, Moirion, Dair, Campion, aḡu ḡaḡ
 nuat-ḡall eile dá rḡiḡobann uirte ó foim amaḡ, ionnur
 ḡuairé nóir beaḡnaḡ an rpuompolláin do ḡnó aḡ
 rḡiḡobaó ar éireannaḡair ir é do ḡnó
 ciomaó ar beairib ro-ḡaoineat aḡu cailleaḡ mbeaḡ
 n-uir-íreal ar otabairt maiḡ-ḡnóim na n-uair i noair-

about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hammer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia*, with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits, heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia* :—

“There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hammer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting

mao, agus an méir a baineas iur na sean-ḡaeḡealaib
 do bí as áitiuḡaḡ an oileáin reo iua nḡabáltair na
 sean-ḡaill,” 7c.

Iur minic a ḡoirítear an heiodotuir ḡaeḡealac ar
 ḡeaḡrún, agus iur deimhin ḡur móir a bfuil do cor-
 maileacḡ eatoirta aiaon. Tá caint ḡeaḡrún deas,
 rimpliḡe, milir-bmaḡiaḡ, mar caint “Aḡar an tSean-
 cair.” Séanair aiaon baot-ḡocail, neam-briḡḡmaia,
 neam-ḡairḡmeamla, acḡ ’n-a n-ionas atá fuinneam iur
 taḡas i nḡac líne dá rḡáirtaib. Cuirio aiaon iurtaḡ
 na húir-rḡealta baineas le n-a otír, ḡan amiair do
 cūir ar a bḡiunne. B’é heiodotuir an cḡas rḡáiriḡe
 do cūir seanḡar na ḡríḡeac i n-easair iur i ḡcūin-
 neas, agus ciot ḡur b’raḡa ’n-a oiaḡ do rḡriḡob ré,
 b’é Céitinn an cḡas seanḡairḡe o’ḡriuiḡ iur do cḡairuiḡ
 i rḡacḡ, iur i n-easair seanḡar na nḡaeḡeal. Do bain
 na rḡirḡe — na ḡríḡiḡ iur na Románaḡ — a lán ar rḡáir-
 taib heiodotuir, agus ’ran ḡcūma ḡcḡasna cūḡ Céitinn
 mneas a noḡtain doir na rḡirḡib ḡaeḡealac, o’aoḡ-
 aḡán ua Raḡaille, do ḡeaḡán Clámaḡ Mac Domnaill,
 iur o’eoḡan Ruaḡ. Acḡ ní ḡeicimio oíḡmair i oḡaob
 na rḡiunne, ná reas cūm namas a tíre ar an
 nḡríḡeac. Bionn ré ciuin, rḡocair, réim i ḡcomnuiḡe i
 meas rḡáia iur úir-rḡeíl, *et quidquid Græcia mendax
 audet in historiis*, acḡ ní léiḡfeao an ḡaeḡealac iuaunne
 do cḡair ná do cail a tíre le n-a deas-namair.

Obair léiḡeanta, domhin iur eas “Tí Bior-ḡairḡe an
 Báir,” lán do rḡuaintib oiaḡa iur do maḡtnam rḡairḡm-

the illustrious actions of the nobility and every thing relating to the old Irish who were the inhabitants of this Island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with

eamail ar an beataio daonna, ir ar a crio. Ir ion-
ganta ar tois re ar pean-ugtharib ir ar oibneacab
na naom, agus ir blarta ta an obair ar fao ionnte i
leabhair agus i n-altair. Act ir tiom, lairneamail
an caint at a ann o tuir go veineo, bioo go buil ri
larta ruar annro ir annro le rgeal beag gneannmar
mar an eactia rain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obair an-leiganta i noiaact ir i noirannair na
heaglaire ir eo "Eoiri Sgia an Airinn." Ni leir
uinn don ughar eilec uirer an oirer rain do tuairirg
ar neitib baier leir an Airneann, com beact, com
cinnnte rin i leabair ta meir. Act 'n-a teannta rain,
ta an caint com simplio, com gneannta, com binn,
com brioimair rain, gan baot-foclair na mairtib carra
gur fupairte ooinneac e leigear gur i noiu.

O airiri Ceitinn anuar nioi rgioba a lan do ppor
bunaora. Do cuirer oibair eactiaroe le eile
agus rgealta ar gniomairtib atac, agus ni mori 'n-a
teannta rain. Do luigear na hugairi Gaedalaia
ar marna do murgailt, ir ba milir, aoirinn a gcuir oan
ir airian.



astonishing fullness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church Ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.



ΑΝ Τ-ΟCΤΗΑΘ Η-ΑΛΤ.

ΑΝ ΝΑΟΗΑΘ ΗΑΟΙS ΤΕΑΣ ΑΣΥS 'Η-Α ΤΙΔΙΤΟ.

Νί μόρι το ρηπίοβαθ το πριόρ Σαεθεαλαδ ι ζκαίτεαμ
 να ναοήαθ ηαοιρε τεας. Βί αν ομεαμ ας α παιβ nearc
 é το ρηπίοβαθ παοτμαδ ας αιτ-ρηπίοβαθ leabaμ lámh-
 ρηπίοβτα ι η-α παιβ πριόρ ιρ λαοιότε meapγτα τριé η-α
 céile. Νί παιβ áct píoμ-beaγán ας α παιβ nearc αν
 Σαεθεαλς το léiγεαθ, αςυρ ní παιβ puínn Σαεθίλγε τά
 éloθbuaλαθ, ι οτμεο ná παιβ ponn αμ aoinne α éuro
 aμmυιe το éaiτεaμ zo neam-τοpιαmáil ας ρηπίοβαθ
 πριόρ bυναθapaίς. Το cuμpeαθ beaγán θapιάntap le
 céile ιρ μοπαίρε beaγα τά paγap, αςυρ ní'λ α tuilleαθ
 le ταιp-beánaθ aγaμn το πριόρ bυναθapaδ ι ζκαίτεaμ
 αν céαθ éaογaιo το'η ναοήαθ ηαοιρ τεας. Τυγαθαpι
 να θαοιne αμ paθ, ιοιμ léiγεaμnta ιρ neam-léiγεaμnta,
 αν Σαεθεαλς puap éum báιp. Αν beaγán ας α παιβ
 eolaρ éμnnte uιpί, ιρ ο'féαoπαθ í το ρηπίοβαθ zo blaρta,
 níοι cuμpeαθαpι líne τi ι nοiaθ α céile. Νίοι éumíniς
 aoinne áca αμ pεaνcαp nó eactpia nó pγéal zpεaμn-
 mapi το ρηπίοβαθ, ζan obaιp peállpamínacta το bac.
 Νί παιβ nearc ας να θαοιmib α leitéιtoίρε το léiγεαθ,
 αςυρ τά bpiς pín níοι b'pυ o'aoimne tabaιpε pύta.

'San αμ γεéαona, amác, bí lán-tuile το πριόρ bpeáς
 neam-éoiτciáμn αμ puβαλ ι meapγ na nθαοimeαθ. Νί
 ζan loct το bí αν πριόρ pαm, zo toemín, áct 'η-α τiαθ
 pín, το baμn α lán το éáιlīb αν πριόρ ιρ pεάpι le paγbáil

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

There was not much Irish prose written during the nineteenth century, or during most of the eighteenth. Those who were able to write it, were busy transcribing manuscripts in which prose and verse were mingled together. Only very few were able to read Irish, and there was not much printing of Irish matter, so that no one was inclined to spend his time fruitlessly in writing original prose. A few "Warrants" were composed, and little things of that kind, but we have nothing further to show in original prose during the first half of the nineteenth century. People in general, the learned as well as the unlearned, gave up Irish as lost. The few who were well versed in it and who could write perfectly, did not compose a line in it. None of them dreamt of writing a history, or a tale, or humorous story, not to speak of a philosophical work. The people were unable to read such things and for that reason it was not worth anyone's while to undertake them.

During the same time, however, there was a great flood of beautiful, splendid prose in circulation amongst the people. That prose was not, indeed, without fault, but at the same time it possessed several of the good qualities of the best prose in the world. Many are the

'ṛan domān leir. 1ṛ iomṓa teac̃ aṛ fuaṛo na ḡcṛiōc̃
 1 n-a mbíōṛ táinte oíṛōc̃e fuaṛa ḡeimṛiṛō aḡ éirteaṛt ḡo
 hionumail le ṛḡéaltaib̃ fionnmíṛōeac̃ta 1ṛ le heac̃t-
 maíṛib̃ oá ṛaḡaṛ — ṛḡéalta ḡmáṛa 1ṛ ḡaṛḡiṛō, éac̃ta ṛo
 iunneac̃aṛi ac̃aiḡ aṛ muiṛi 1ṛ aṛ tíṛi, ṛḡéalta coimearṛaṛi
 1ṛ iomṛaṛḡála, ṛḡéalta ṛmaoiṛōeac̃ta 1ṛ ḡearann.

Cia ac̃a, ṛo ṛḡṛiōb̃aṛ aṛ ṛtúṛ na ṛḡéalta ṛo, nó
 1aṛo ṛ'ac̃ṛiṛ, 1ṛṛieo ḡuṛiṛanḡaṛaṛi aṛ fuaṛo ó béal ḡo béal,
 1ṛ ṛeap̃b̃ ḡo maib̃ a lán ṛiōb̃ 1 meoṛan na haoṛe ḡab̃
 ṛaṛiaṛñ cōm̃ ṛleam̃ain, cōm̃ mīlṛ, cōm̃ ṛoileíṛ, cōm̃
 biñn, cōm̃ ceolm̃aṛ, cōm̃ taṛac̃ac̃ leir an bṛiṛ 1ṛ ṛeáṛi
 'ṛan ṛteanḡain fṛiancaṛḡ, aḡuṛ 1ṛ ṛeallṛiam̃ac̃ ḡuṛi
 baíneaṛ a lán ṛá nḡaṛib̃aṛ ṛiōb̃ 1 m̃iṛ na mbliac̃an le
 neap̃t ṛiṛi-ac̃ṛiṛe. ṛo m̃oṛuiḡ an t-ac̃ṛiṛeoiṛ ḡuṛi cōṛi
 ṛó a ṛḡéal ṛo ṛéanaim̃ ṛoileíṛ, ṛo-ṛuiḡṛe, ḡuṛi cōṛi ṛó
 annṛo 1ṛ annṛúṛo a anál ṛo ṛaṛiaṛñḡ, 1ṛ ṛoṛ beaḡ ṛo
 ṛab̃aṛiṛ ṛo'n luṛt éirteaṛta, ṛo m̃oṛuiḡ ṛé ḡuṛi ṛaṛib̃e
 ṛó éac̃t an ṛḡeíl ṛo ṛab̃aṛiṛ uaiṛ le ṛéine 1ṛ le fūin-
 neaim̃, aḡuṛ a maib̃ ṛṛuaḡm̃éileac̃, ṛoṛma ann ṛ'ac̃ṛiṛ
 le ṛólar 1ṛ le com̃aṛṛaíṛib̃ caṛuiḡṛe, 1ṛ níṛi b'ionḡnaṛ
 ḡo bṛaḡaṛ ḡac̃ ac̃ṛiṛeoiṛi an ṛḡéal ó'n té ṛáim̃ḡ m̃oime,
 ac̃aṛṛuiḡṛe beaḡán éiḡin annṛo 1ṛ annṛúṛo, ac̃t ḡo
 mbeaṛ ṛé níṛi fūinte, níṛi binne, níṛi bṛiṛḡm̃aṛie.

Níṛi b'annaim̃ ṛóṛ ḡuṛi b'om̃aṛeoiṛi neaim̃-cōitc̃iann
 an t-ac̃ṛiṛeoiṛi ṛéin, 1ṛ ḡo maib̃ ṛé lán-oilte m̃ṛ na
 cleap̃aib̃ le n-a ḡcuṛiteap̃i ṛeoṛia le ṛúil̃ib̃ ṛaonna, 1ṛ
 m̃iṛcaṛlṛeap̃i oṛnaṛ 1ṛ álaṛ 1 láṛi cṛoiṛōc̃e, aḡuṛ 1ṛ m̃iṛic̃
 ṛo cūṛi ṛé an luṛt éirteaṛta aḡ cṛiṛ le anṛaṛ, nó aḡ

houses throughout the country in which crowds were assembled during the long winter nights, listening eagerly to Fenian Tales and to stories of the same kind, stories of love and heroism, exploits performed by giants on land and on sea, stories of conflict and wrestling, stories of magic and of *geasa*.

Whether the stories were written down at the first, or recited so that they passed on from mouth to mouth, it is certain that many of them were, at the middle of the last century, as smooth, as sweet, as clear, as harmonious, as musical, as substantial as the best prose to be found in the French Language, and it is likely that a great deal of their roughness was eliminated in the course of years by constant repetition. The reciter felt that it behoved him to make his story clear and intelligible, that it behoved him here and there to draw his breath and to give a little rest to his hearers, that it would be advantageous for him to deliver the tragic occurrences, in the story with vigour, and to narrate what was pathetic and sad in it with sorrow and signs of emotion, and it was not surprising that each reciter should get the story from him who preceded him somewhat changed here and there, but better constructed, more melodious and more forceful.

Often, too, the reciter himself was an orator of uncommon powers and was fully versed in the artifices by which human eyes are made to pour out tears, and groans and pains are excited in human hearts, and often did he cause his hearers to tremble with fear or to

zol le buairóir le n-a féacaint, ir le fuaim a zóta. Agus fóir, do togaó cum aithir rgealta rimpliúe, ná maib mó-éarta ná do-tuigte, rgealta gan móián mion-éaceta ag dul tríoeta. Sgealta do b'eaó iao do'n trašar ro: do togaó zairziúeac éigin, ir do cuipeaó tré éacetaib iongantača é; ir minic do bíoó fé i steanntaib éaga; ir minic i nólúit-coinnearšar le hačac úir-šriána, nó fá ómaoiúeac, nó fá žeara loč do čaoršao, nó bean éigin do bí ar fán do foláčari. Ir minic do čagaó óž-bean upual do bíoó i nžriáo leir, cum cabriuižte leir. B'é črióč na neiteaó reo zo léiri žur cuipeaó ar riušal i mearš na noaoimeaó bolš móri ppióir nári buairéaó maib ari ar roiléirpeac ir ar binnear. Aomuižteari anoir zo coitčianann ná fuil leitéio rilúeaceta na haimprie reo ar binnear le řažbáil, ac ir minic a óearimačari zo bfuil an ppiór 'n-a řližio řein čom binn, čom blařta leir an bfilúeac. Níl ampar ná zo bfuil žolormiř ar na hužoariab ir roiléirpe le řažbáil i mbéarila, agus ná fuil fé gan milpeac ir blař. Tá a lán oor na rgealtaib óa otašpaim čom roiléiri le ppiór žolormiř, agus a žcaint i b'ao níor binne ir níor ceolmairie ná a čaint rin.

Do cuipeaó beagán beag oor na rgealtaib ar a otriáčtam i žcloó le páoariž ua laožaie agus beagán eile le Dubžlar oe híoe, agus řeaořaró an léižteoiri a mear řein do čabair ar a roiléirpeac ir ar a milpeac.

Ir řióri zo veimin ná fuil 'řan up-móri ac rgealta ag iř i mearš na noaoimeaó očuacac, agus zo bfuil a lán oioš ariúbeirpeac zo leori. Ac ar uaiuib tá mianac o'irpene bpióžmairi ir o'řoilriuižao lonnriac ag řabáil tríoeta. Ac cibé méao a loč mari rgealtaib, ir

cry with grief by his very look and the sound of his voice. And further, there were selected for recital, simple stories which were neither too intricate nor too hard to understand, stories without many episodes, or by-plots running through them. They were stories of this sort; a hero was selected and put through wonderful feats; often he is at the point of death, often in close conflict with a hideous giant, or under the spell of magic, or under *geasa* to drain a lake or to fetch some lady who had strayed. Often a fair young lady who loved him came to help him. It resulted from all these circumstances, that there was put in circulation amongst the people a large repertory of prose which has never been surpassed in clearness and harmony. It is now generally admitted that the poetry of this period is unsurpassed in harmony, but it is often forgotten that the prose is in its own way as harmonious, as perfect as the poetry. There is no doubt that Goldsmith is one of the clearest writers of English, and that he is not without sweetness and propriety. Many of the stories to which we refer are as clear as Goldsmith's prose, and their style far more harmonious and musical than his.

A few of the stories to which I allude were printed by Patrick O'Leary and a few more by Douglas Hyde, and the reader can form his own judgment of their clearness and sweetness.

It is true, indeed, that the greater part of them are only folk tales circulating in country districts, and that many of them are ridiculous enough. But occasionally there is a vein of forceful eloquence and of brilliant description running through them. But whatever fault

riu iao aipe mairt do tabairt dóib ar ron a foiléiréacáta
 i r a mbinnir.

Ní'l aon loct ar ppiór i r meara ná caint mó-móir
 agus na rmuainte ruaiac, neim-bpíogmair. Ní'l an loct
 rain le faǵbáil ar na rǵealtai b reo. Tá an caint
 i r na rmuainte oiréamnac. Anoir i r ari r, ǵan amriar,
 tá rǵaoct do bmačmaib i nriar a céile, do riéir oiré-
 nóir rean-uǵdar áirite ǵan puinn bpíog nátaataic ionnta.
 Aet ní'l in r na parriróib reo, aet ré mar beaó cuin-
 nuǵaó do čarriarǵeacáib tuirteamla do čaǵann anriro
 i r anriúo riom riut luaimneac bíonn aǵ riéró-rileac ó
 bmaac rleibe. Ní móir a bfuil do ppiór foiléir, binn,
 milir-bmačmaac 'ran mbéarila. Tá an čuro i r mó óe
 trom, neim-čeolmair, do-čuirǵte. Ní mar rin do'n ppiór
 fmanneac. Tá a lán dé binn, milir, i r čom foiléir leir
 an nǵrién, agus na rmuainte curpa i ǵceann a céile ann
 ǵo hóiruiǵte rlaetmair. Ní'l uainn féin i roirac na
 haoire reo čum nuacó-ppiór o'abairóiuǵaó aet rmuainte
 áiróa, neam-čoirčianna do rnarómeaó leir an foiléir-
 eacá i r leir an binnear atá le rinreariab mar dúčar
 aǵainn, agus atá le faǵbáil ǵo rluirreac in r na rǵeal-
 tai b do čleacátaoir ar n-aicreaca ór na ciantai b.

1 riut an čeao čaogair do'n naomac haoir déaǵ do
 rinneac airtruiǵaó ǵo ǵaeóilǵ ar beaǵán do leab-
 mai b riara ó'n mbéarila i r ó'n lairuin. Ní'l amriar ǵur
 b'é an ceann i r reáir rióib ro an r-airtruiǵaó ar
 "Imitatio Chri rti," do rinne an rāčairi Domnall
 ua Súilleabáin, timčeall na bliaróna 1822. I r rióǵ
 linn féin ǵo bfuil an obair reo ar na hairtruiǵtib i r
 reáir do rinneac ar leabair A Ceimri r maím, agus
 i r riomra teangar i n-a bfuil ré le faǵbáil. Ba óeacairi
 an obair i, óir bí a lán do bmačmaib i r do riárótib 'ran

they may have as stories, they deserve much attention for the sake of their clearness and harmony.

There is no greater fault in prose, than bombastic language, with mean, trifling ideas. This fault is not to be found in these stories. The style suits the ideas. Now and then, indeed, there is a host of words marshalled one after the other according to the bad habit of certain old authors, without much force or substance beneath them. But these passages are like a collection of massive rocks that come here and there before a headlong stream, flowing freely from a mountain's brow. There is not much clear, harmonious prose in English. The greater part of English prose is heavy, harsh, and hard to understand. Not so with French prose. Much of it is sweet and harmonious and as clear as the sun, while the thoughts are marshalled in it in due order and propriety. In the beginning of this century, if we wish to bring new prose to maturity, it only remains for us to wed high, noble thoughts to the clearness and harmony that we have inherited for generations, and which are to be found abundantly in the stories our ancestors cherished for ages.

In the course of the first half of the nineteenth century a few pious books were translated into Irish from English and from Latin. Certainly the best of these is the translation of "The Imitation of Christ," which Father Daniel O'Sullivan made about the year 1822. It seems to us that this work is one of the best translations ever made of à Kempis's book, and many are the languages in which it is found. The work was a difficult one, as there were sayings and words in the Latin original that were not to be found in the people's

Lairtín ná maib i mbéal na n-aoimead le fada, is náir b'fuirte o'fagbáil ar leabhairb.

Ní ceart dúinn dearmad do déanam ar Seaán Mac Éil, áir-earbog Tuama. Do rinne an fear oir-
dearic rain airtnuagad blarta ar an "Pentateuchon," .i.,
na cúig leabhair atá i b'rioi-torac an tSean-Tairbeánair.
Is móir an triuaig náir léig ré o'ua móiró ar do hómer,
is airtnuagad do déanam ar an Sgríbhinn Diaó ar fad.

Ní oíig linn gur rgníobad aon p'p'or is fu o'áiréam
ó obair Dómnail Uí Súilleabáin gur cuiread ar bun
"Iurleabair na Gaeilge," ór cionn ríce bliadán ó foin.

Do rinne "Cumann Duan-coiméadta na Gaeilge" a lán
cum an Gaedéalz do múnad inr na rgoileannairb, agus
cum í do cum ar aghad le neart céad-leabhrán rimplíde.
Adt ní maib móirán le fagbáil ar a maib fonn Gaedéalz
do rgníobad. Ba deacair Seaán Pléimion féin do
meallad cum leatánac p'p'or do cum le céile—cioó gur
blarta, b'riogmar í a caint.

Do cait Connrad na Gaeilge torac a raogail ag
cairmirte is ag fuirte le namadairb na teangan úo, is
ní maib uain aca ar fuirte ríor is maictnam ar obair
litirgeadta. Do bí aon peann amáin, amac, ar fead
na haimirte reo ná maib oíomáoin. Tá caint an áir
peadair ua laogairte com pleamain, com milir, com
b'riogmar is tá rí le fagbáil i n-aon triac óar peandair.
Tá p'p'or foiléir, milir, gheannta inr na mion-leabhairb
atá curta amac ó n-a lám, agus ní for oó for, ór
deairb go bfuil mian a béil 'ra lán do'n Gaeilge atá
le feicrint gac aon treactmain inr na páiréairb.
Fear aigeantac rgléipeac, neim-rpleadac is ead an
táir peadair. Tá aon loct amáin agáinn le fagbáil
ar a cúo oirpe. Sgríobann ré iomarca le haghad an

language for a long time back and which it was difficult to get in books.

We must not forget John Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam. That distinguished man made an excellent translation of "The Pentateuch" that is the five first books of the Old Testament. It is a pity that he meddled with Moore or Homer, and did not instead, translate the entire Bible.

We do not think any prose worth referring to was written since Daniel O'Sullivan's work until the *Gaelic Journal* was started more than twenty years ago. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language did a great deal to get Irish taught in the schools, and to forward it by simple elementary books, but not many were to be found who were anxious to write Irish. It was hard to induce even John Fleming to put a page of prose together, although his style was beautiful and forceful.

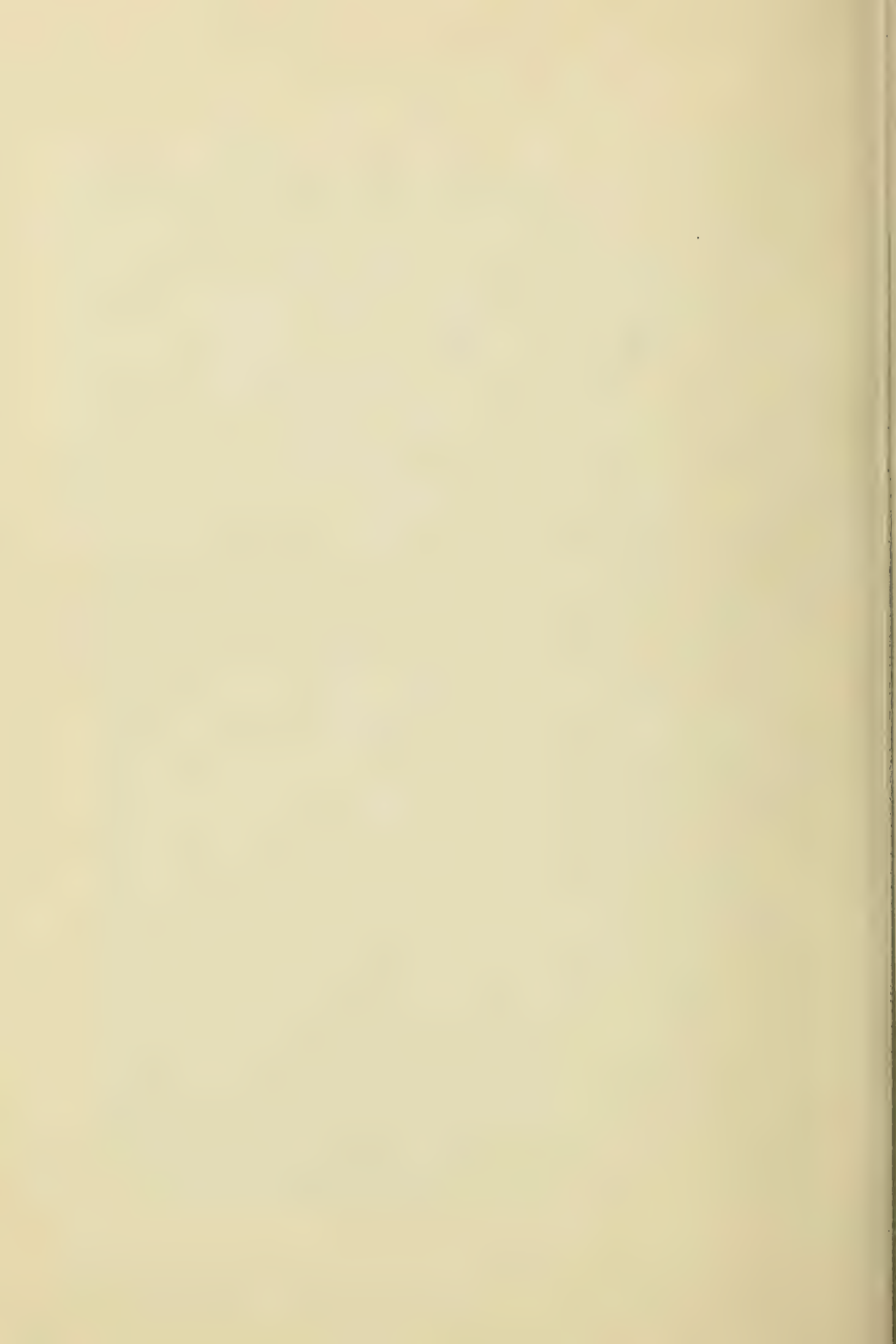
The Gaelic League spent the beginning of its life struggling and contending with the enemies of that tongue, and its members had not time to sit down and think out literary work. There was one pen, however, which during that time was not idle. Father Peter O'Leary's style is as smooth, as harmonious and as forceful as any to be found at any period of our history. The little books he has produced, contain clear, melodious, beautiful prose. And he is not yet going to desist, as his style is plainly to be seen in much of the Irish that is to be found in the weekly papers. Father Peter is an intellectual, humorous, independent man. We have one fault to find with his work. He writes

aoir foglumta, ir baineann an níó rin an rtiur ir an tatac ar a cúro íríóir. Tá rúil agaimn rui a rgaríam leir go otabhaid ré obair éigin dúinn ná beir lán do náirtib carra, ar ion na rgaláiríde, aet obair cúiríear átar ir mórtóáil ar íríor-Šaeóilgeoiríob.

Le teaet na nuaó-aoire, amac, táio na rgamail ag rgaípeao. Tá luét léigte na Šaeóilge ag uul i mbíeir agur ir oeacair iao do íáraim; ní teiréann gac don náiméir ríor leo mar ba gnatac tamall ó íoin. Táio oibíeaca na rean-uíóar go bliadóainteaimail rá gcuí amac, ir cúiríob an níó rin ríionnao ar an aor óg cum a gceimeann do leanaimin. Tá an ríama Šaeóealac 'nár mearg agur glaoóac air. Tá glaoóac leir ar íríor Šaeóealac 'ína páiréarib laeteaimla ir reaetmáineaimla, agur ní ruiáir do'n aie tugtar anoir do Šaeóilg iní na rgoileannaib a cúir o'íacáib ar uíóarib leabair beacta, bíogímaria, mílir-bíuacímaria do tabairt uata. Atá óg-uíóarib, leir, ór na crioóáib i n-a bfuil an Šaeóealg rór 'n-a tuile, rá otaíbeánao réin ó bliadóin go bliadóin. Ní óeantair oeaimao ar óríaoeact, leir, mar ir ríor óríaoeact gur móir ir ríu é, agur ó cúirígeao an gur Šaeóealac ar an alltóir ir bíónac mar do íunneao fáillige ói. Le ríao íam, íaríor! tá an óríaoeact éíreannaac ar íao nac móir i mbéarila, aet le cúpla bliáoan tá átaríuío ag teaet ar an raoíal. Ir réiríor anoir óríao blarta Šaeóealac do éloirint anníor ir anníúo, agur do íéirí gac oeallíam, ní íaoa beiréam ag ríteam le íéim óríaoeacta i nŠaeóilg, ríor ríaoa ir raoíalta, ar a mberó mearg an ríoman uile, ir náir mírte a cúir i gcomóítar le hóríaoeact na bííannac ir na nŠíeigeac.

too much for the use of students, and that circumstance takes the force and virtue out of his prose. We trust before he has done that he will publish some work, such as will not be crammed with cross-idioms for the sake of scholars, but a work such as will be a source of joy and pride to true Irish readers.

At the setting in of the new century the clouds are breaking. The readers of Irish are increasing in number, and it is becoming more difficult to satisfy them. Every rubbish will not content them as was the case some time ago. The works of the older writers are yearly being published and this will inspire the young with enthusiasm to follow in their footsteps. The Irish drama has come amongst us and there is demand for it. There is also demand for Irish prose in the daily and weekly papers, and, further, the attention now paid to Irish in the schools, will constrain writers to produce accurate, substantial, smoothly written works. Youthful authors, too, from those districts where there is yet a flood of Irish, are beginning to put in an appearance from year to year. Oratory, also, is not neglected, for oratory is a very valuable kind of prose, and since the Irish voice was hushed in the pulpit, it has fallen into sad neglect. Alas! the oratory of Ireland has now for a long period been entirely in English. But within the past few years there has come a change on the face of things. One can now hear a splendid Irish speech here and there, and in all likelihood we shall not long have to wait for a school of Irish oratory, both religious and secular, which the world will respect and which will bear comparison with the oratory of France and of Greece.



POCLÓIR.

(Contractions :—*m.* = masculine; *f.*, feminine; *gs.*, genetive singular; *pl.*, plural, &c.)

acpuinneadh, vigorous.

adhað, *m.*, a lighting up, a kindling; tene adanta, a kindling fire.

adbar, *m.*, a number, quantity (chiefly used in Munster in this sense):

adbar beag, a small number.

adg, *m.*, prosperity, luck, fate (more usually written adó).

adóbéiradh, strange, extraordinary.

amleap, *m.*, misfortune (*am* negative); tul ar a amleap, to go on the path of misfortune.

amgeal fóir-coinneadota, *m.*, a guardian angel.

air, *f.*, a direction, point of the compass, district.

air, *in phrase*, le har, beside, near. At page 21, line 3, *for* to Dublin, *read* beside Dublin.

airtrigim, I change; hence, change from one language to another, translate.

airéim, I beg, beseech, clamour for.

airteam, act of persuading or convincing (used with ar).

airtear, *m.*, delight.

aimhach, however, nevertheless.

amar, *m.*, an attempt (to strike), a hostile attack.

anál, *f.*, a breath, breathing; anál do éarraig, to pause.

anróð, *m.*, hardship turmoil.

aoigeadh, *f.*, abode, lodging, hospitality.

don-am, *m.*, one and the same time; o'don am (*pronounced* oé n-am), of set purpose; o'don gnó is used in a similar sense.

dom-fear, one-man; comrac domfir, a duel, a single combat.

doncuigim, I harmonize.

doncuigadh, *m.*, a conspiring together, a league.

ad, *m.*, a ford; adá ad éigin le fadhbál ar Aoife, Aoife is in some way easy to deal with; some kindness remains to her.

adarrpuigadh, *m.*, change, transformation.

adéairt, *f.*, act of beseeching.

báir, *f.*, friendship; ní deacharó báir a gcom-báirteair i bpuairt, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold.

bainnir, *f.*, a wedding feast.

baot-ghlóir, *m.*, empty boasting, idle prating.

bargam, I wound, destroy.

bean, *f.*, a woman. In phrase ior fear agus bean, both men and women, bean is not declined.

bean éaoimte, *f.*, a lamenting woman, a professional keener.

beipim (with ap) signifies I seize hold of ; *also*, I overtake.

beo-millead, *m.*, a living ruin.

bpačaim, I judge, consider, expect.

bpiğ, *f.*, strength, essence ; oá bpiğ rin, from the virtue of that, therefore, owing to that.

bpiğad-čroiđe, *m.*, heart-felt regret.

buađad, victorious.

buađ-fočal, *m.*, an epithet, an adjective,

buađim, I strike (as with a stick) ; *also*, I strike (across the country),
with um, I strike upon, meet.

buan-čompac, *m.*, a prolonged quarrel.

caropeam, *m.*, acquaintance, familiarity.

čál, *f.*, appearance, quality, characteristic.

čaint, *f.*, talk ; style, mode of expression.

čapta, entangled, twisted (of style).

čeann, *m.*, a chief ; čeann uppađ, a general of an army.

čeapaim, I conceive, plan.

čeap mağaiđ, *m.*, a laughing-stock (čeap, a block ; mağad, ridicule).

čeaptačt, *f.*, correctness (čeap, right) ; čeaptačt páđote, propriety of
words or expression.

čialluğim, I signify.

čleačtaim, I practise (make a practice or habit of), *and therefore*, I
habituate myself to.

čloč-bun, *m.*, a foundation.

čluičim, I hunt.

čneaptačt, *f.*, gentleness.

čočal (čočall) *m.*, *primarily means* a hood, a magic dress ; *and figuratively*,
enthusiasm for a thing ; čup čočal opt fém čuğe rin, be in earnest
about that thing ; get enthusiastic over it.

čomčtğčtead, wild, strange, foreign.

čonne, *m.*, a meeting, a reunion.

čom-đalčad, *m.*, one of a family of foster-children, a foster-brother.

čom-đalčadčap, *m.*, fellow-fosterage.

čomğapačt, *f.*, vicinity (čom and ġap), ġ ġomğapačt ođ, in the neigh-
bourhood of.

čomópta, *m.*, comparison.

čomplačt, *m.*, a company, a band of followers.

čomčpomáčt, *f.*, equal weight, justice.

čop-éaotpom, light-footed.

κοῖνῆλας, *f.*, likeness, comparison ; μαρ κοῖνῆλας, as a representation (of, το).

εἰσαοῖς, *I explain* (εἰσαοῖ and εἰσαοῖς, *I separate*).

εἰσαοῖ, *m.*, a staff, εἰσαοῖ βαλῆς, a staff to threaten with.

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, christianity.

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, valour.

εἰσαοῖ-λαῖ, *m.*, the very centre.

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, a record, a chronicle.

εἰσαοῖ-εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, a vexed problem, a difficulty.

εἰσαοῖ, *I put, place, set ; with εἰσαοῖ and εἰσαοῖ, I describe : εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ to εἰσαοῖ, describe the beauty of women.*

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, a limited space, press, closeness, difficulty ; εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ, in the press of fight.

εἰσαοῖ, sweet-scented, fragrant.

εἰσαοῖ, interference with, influence over (εἰσαοῖ) ; εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ, without its being influenced by oppression.

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, a meeting ; εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ, meeting one another.

εἰσαοῖ, relating to a human being, human.

εἰσαοῖ-εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, slavery, bondage.

εἰσαοῖ, bold, fearless ; *more usually* εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ.

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, brilliancy, beauty (εἰσαοῖ, colour), εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ, brilliancy of description.

εἰσαοῖ-εἰσαοῖ, fair-minded.

εἰσαοῖ-εἰσαοῖ, *m.*, a good habit ; *in pl.* polished manners.

εἰσαοῖ, having the appearance of probability, probable, likely.

εἰσαοῖ *I assert* (solemnly, as a witness) ; εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ, who gave false testimony.

εἰσαοῖ-εἰσαοῖ, *m.*, a barren desert (εἰσαοῖ *is intensive*).

εἰσαοῖ, polished, fine, elegant.

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, a difference (often spelled εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ).

εἰσαοῖ, *in phrase* εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ, towards (after verbs of motion).

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, theology.

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, zeal.

εἰσαοῖ, *m.*, shelter, cover ; εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ, under the cover of the sky, *i.e.*, in the open air.

εἰσαοῖ-εἰσαοῖ, *m.*, close combat.

εἰσαοῖ, *f.*, sufficiency ; εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ εἰσαοῖ . . . εἰσαοῖ, in which there is a sufficiency or enough.

εἰσαοῖ, *m.*, drama, play.

εἰσαοῖ-εἰσαοῖ, *m.*, ill-will.

οποδ-έλαοντα, *m. pl.*, evil passions (rarely used in singular, as a substantive).

οποδ-μαίτεα, *m.*, used in the positive sense of mischief or misdoing.

οραοιθεαδτ, *f.*, enchantment, magic, spell, wizardry.

ορμυμ, the back; *in phrase* οά ορμυμ γμ, for that reason, on that account.

ουβρόναδ, sad, sorrowful.

ουιλ, *f.*, longing, desire; ουιλ ερωθε, a heart-felt longing or aspiration.

ουλ, *m.*, means, opportunity; ζαν ουλ ας πάιρτε βρεϊτ αιρ, no child being permitted to handle it.

έαδτ, *m.*, a great or heroic event, an episode.

εαζναδτ, *f.*, wisdom, prudence.

είξιμ, I call out, shout, cry.

είτεαδ, *m.*, a falsehood, perjury.

έαρ, *m.*, a growth; έαρ να ααον οιόδε, a mushroom.

είρτεα, *m.*, a banquet.

είοθμαίρεαδτ, *f.*, rage, cruelty.

είορέαοιμ, hearty; an epithet of πάιλτε, welcome.

εiu, even; *in such phrases as*, εiu α έέαδαμτ, even his look.

έοουιζέτε, founded, established (on, αρ).

έόζραδ, *m.*, proclamation, advertisement.

εοιλλγξιμ, I display, describe, illustrate.

εοιρβέτε, aged, having the effects of age (pronounced εοιρμζέτε).

εονν, *m.*, desire, liking; ní παιβ πέ ο'εονν ορεδα, they had no inclination.

εuaio, *in phrase*, αρ εuaio, also. αρ εuo, throughout.

εuaείαμ, I hate, detest.

εuiλέαα, bloody.

εuinneaíaiλ, vigorous.

εuinτε, kneaded, hence, worked up, put together (as a poem).

εuiπρε, contention with (le), friction, pressure.

εuláip, *in phrase* ní εuláip oúmn, we must.

εαβαδ, *m.*, want, need; níομ εαβαδ όοίβ, they had no need.

εαipmim, I call; with αρ, I name.

εαlán, *m.*, a stone said to have been cast or hurled by giants; a "galán."

εαl-αδάρσαδ, white-horned.

εαll, *m.*, a promise, pledge; *in phrase*, ιρ εαll le οραοιθεαδτ, it is the same as, or, like magic.

εεα, *f.*, obligation; εεαα were conditions and obligations which must be carried out and discharged under pain of evil, or at best, unpleasant consequences *in case of failure*; bí πέ το εεααίβ αιρ, he was under obligations or *geasa*.

ελεααίρε, *m.*, a combatant, fighter.

εογμ-βpuαδ, *m.*, a green margin.

- ιαππαῖς, *m.*, an attempt ; το ἐγχατοῖς ιαππαῖς, they made an attempt.
 ἰομᾱίγεαῖς, *f.*, imaginativeness, imagery.
 ἰομᾱνᾱτοῖς, *m.*, a hurler.
 ἰομᾱπαμ, I bear ; *with reflex. pronouns* μέ πέμ, &c., I comport myself, I behave.
 ἰομπαρῖαίς, *f.*, wrestling.
 ἰονημᾱίς, eager, attentive.
 λατομεᾱμᾱίς, Latin-like.
 λαοῦρ, *m.*, heroism.
 λαοῦρα, a band of heroes, *a collective noun* ; λαοῦ, *a single hero*.
 λαραμᾱίς, full of fire, blazing, brilliant.
 λεαμῖγεῖς, flagged over (λεα, a flagstone), entombed, buried, embedded.
 λεαῖ, *f.*, side, part, direction ; πά λεῖς, aside, apart ; ἀτά πέ λεῖρ πέμ πά λεῖς, it stands alone.
 λεαῖ-ταοῖς, *f.*, a side, direction ; ἰ λεαῖ-ταοῖς, aside.
 λέιρ-ῖοιρ, *f.*, extensive theft, plunder. .
 λέιρ-μᾱιρ, *f.*, brilliant beauty.
 λέιρ-μῖλλεαῖς, *m.*, complete destruction.
 λίομᾱς, polished, adorned.
 λονηπαῖς, *f.*, a flashing brilliancy.
 λονηπαῖς, *m.*, a shining, brilliancy, effulgence.
 λυαρῖαμ, I swing, rock ; οἱ λυαρῖαῖς, being rocked.
 μαεῖνιομᾱρῖα, *pl. of μαεῖνιομ*, a youthful or boyish exploit.
 μαλλ-ᾱεῖμεαῖς, of slow and stately gait.
 μεατοῖς, *m.*, metre (Latin metrum).
 μι-ᾱνεαρταῖς, *f.*, offensiveness.
 μιανᾱς, *m.*, a vein ; μιανᾱς οἱνρῖνε βρῖοῖμαρ, a vein of vigorous eloquence.
 μῖνιῖμ, I reduce to a fine state, smooth out (*difficulties*), explain.
 μῖο-νάοῦρ, *m.*, unnaturalness.
 μῖο-νάρεαῖς, bold, audacious, stubborn.
 μορῖαίς, *f.*, ill-will, malice.
 μῖον-ᾱαῖς, *m.*, an episode in a narrative, a bye-plot.
 μοῖ, *m.*, manner, fashion ; μοῖ φοιλλρῖγεῖς, style of description.
 μόρ-βολῖς, *m.*, a large miscellany (*of stories, &c.*)
 μόρ-ᾱρῖοῖεαῖς, *f.*, great-heartedness.
 μῖνντεαρῖοῖς, *m.*, friendship.
 μυρῖαίς, *f.*, act of composing as verses (*literally act of awakening*).
 ναῖς μόρ, almost.
 νᾱοῦρῖα, according to nature, natural.
 νεᾱμ-ῖνᾱῖς, unusual, out of the common, exceeding.

- neamh-rpleadóac, independent, uncompromising.
 neamh-éoraimhail, unprofitable.
 nuaid-easgar, *m.*, a new or modern setting.
 Oilim, I train up, education ; oo hoileadó le sgaadó, who were trained up under Scathach.
 oipeamhac, suitable, fitting, adopted to.
 oráioeac, *f.*, oratory.
 oráioeoir, *m.*, an orator.
 págánac, non-christian, pagan.
 pléró, *m.*, act of struggling against.
 ppór, *m.*, prose, a word derived from the Latin, and of well-established use in Irish. Caint rḡurḡa is used in the same sense ; it is opposed to what is arranged according to metre.
 punn, *m.*, much, *used with negative* ; ní punn, not much, little or nothing (It is an error to take punn as equivalent to *point*, *jot*.)
 ráiméir, *f.*, rhapsody rubbish.
 réir-bán, *m.*, a level plain.
 rióbberac, *f.*, richness. neart ir rióbberac iomáigeac, abundance and wealth of imagery,
 ranarón, *m.*, a glossary, a vocabulary.
 raor, free, liberated ; raor ar Chonchubhar, free from Conchubhar.
 ráir-éneartaac, *f.*, great gentleness of spirit.
 ráruḡadó, *m.*, excelling, overcoming. ní a ráruḡadó le raḡbáil, they are unsurpassed.
 rean-cúinne, *m.*, a tradition, reminiscence.
 rean-foḡrac, *m.*, an old ruin.
 rean-uḡoar, *m.*, an ancient author.
 rḡéaluróe, *m.*, a story-teller.
 rḡurḡa, loose, unbound. Caint rḡurḡa, prose, as distinguished from verse, which is bound up into lines and verses by metrical laws.
 rlaḡtuḡe, adorned, finished off.
 rnáit, *m.*, thread ; rnáit a raḡḡail, the thread of his life.
 roḡ, *m.*, rest, cessation ; ní roḡ oḡb roḡ, they are not yet extinct.
 rpár, *m.*, a period, limit of time.
 rpéireamhlaḡ, *f.*, loveliness.
 rpéir, *f.*, heed, care ; ná cupeann ré rpéir innte, that he heeds her not, is not interested in her.
 rptiocaim, I surrender, submit.
 táin, *f.*, a flock, a spoil, a plunder ; *fig.*, a story of spoil or plunder.
 taire, *f.*, rest, quiet ; níor taire o'aoire, Aoife had not rest, did not rest content.

CORRIGENDA IN TEXT.

- Page 2, line 1.—For *ı* ȝcoitćian read *ı* ȝcoitćinne.
,, ,, 7.—For *opáio* read *ópiáo*.
- Page 4, line 3.—For *ı* ȝcoitćian read *ı* ȝcoitćinne.
,, ,, 25.—For *rtáirtaiḃ* read *rtairćaiḃ*.
- Page 6, line 3.—For *veairḃaio leabair ȝc.*, the more modern usage
is *veairḃann leabair, ȝc.*
,, ,, 23.—For *cpíona* read *cpíonna*.
- Page 8, line 12.—For *n-úir-ȝéaltaiḃ* read *húir-ȝéaltaiḃ*.
,, ,, 13.—For *ullaíma* read *ullaím*.
,, ,, 26.—For *ní ȝan ȝiać ıȝ ȝa a bío ı ȝcomnuíoe* read *ní
bío maím ȝan ȝiać ıȝ ȝa*.
- Page 12, line 7.—For *meanmać* read *meanmnać*.
,, ,, 9.—For *rtáir* read *rtair*.
,, ,, 16.—For *tógáit* read *toğait*.
,, ,, 18 and 24.—For *ionnan* read *ionann*.
,, ,, 22.—For *rtáirtaiḃ* read *rtairćaiḃ*.
- Page 14, line 3.—For *ćógáit* read *ćoğait*.
,, ,, 5 and 6.—For *áćt cuir ı ȝcuíne* read *ćuir ı ȝcuíne,
aímać*.
- Page 16, line 7.—For *ó'nnuać* read *l ó'n nuaić*.
,, ,, 8.—For *ȝuir* read *ıȝ*.
,, ,, 14.—Insert *é* after *peabair*.
,, ,, 20 and 22.—For *tógáit* read *toğait*.
,, ,, 24.—For *ı n-ar ćuaić* read *ı n-a nuaićaić*.
- Page 18, line 1.—For *ćóğbáit* read *ćoğait*.
,, ,, 2.—For *ionnan* read *ionann*.
- Page 20, line 6.—For *meairḃait* read *meairćait*.
,, ,, 9.—For *uaingean* read *uaingne*.
- Page 22, line 16.—For *ȝuir ćuirneam na véite, ȝc.*, the more modern
usage is *ȝuir ćuir na véite, ȝc.*

Page 26, line 11.—After *ἀνθρω* insert *ἐν*.

„ „ 13.—For *μεανμαῆ* read *μεανμναῆ*.

„ „ 15.—For *κοιμῖνζαιμ* read *κοιμεαρζαιμ*.

„ „ 23.—For *τοῖζαὐ* read *τοῖζαὐ*.

Page 28, line 15.—For *κοιμεαρζαιμ* read *κοιμεαρζαιμ*.

„ „ 16.—For *βα* read *βα*.

Page 30, line 27.—After *πίομ-ἐαῖταῆ* insert *ιαὐ*.

Page 32, lines 9 and 10.—For *αμ ιρ πεῶμμ α βφυλ αἰνε* read *ιρ
πεῶμμ ζο βφυλ εολαρ ορεῖτα*.

„ line 10.—For *τοῖζαἰλ* read *τοῖζαἰλ*.

„ „ 19.—For *μί-νάούμ* read *μί-νάούμ*.

Page 34, line 28.—For *ρεῖαμ* read *ρεῖαμ*.

Page 36, line 3.—For *ρόαμ* read *ρόμα*.

„ „ 28.—For *κοιμεαρζεαρ* read *κοιμεαρζαιμ*.

Page 38, line 1.—For *βρυζαὐ-μοιροῖε* read *βρυζαὐ μοιροῖε*.

„ „ 23.—For *ἐαοντε* read *ἐαοιντε*.

Page 40.—In heading of chapter read *φιαννουζεῖατα*.

Page 42, line 1.—For *το-ραιν* read *τοῦ-ραιν*.

„ „ 6.—For *ρεαλζ* read *ρεαλζαιμεαῖτ*.

Page 44, line 2.—For *βορμῖνε* read *βόρμῖνε*.

„ „ 6.—For *αμ ιρ πεῶμμ α βφυλ αἰνε* read *ιρ πεῶμμ ζο
βφυλ εολαρ ορεῖτα*.

„ „ 13.—For *οειῖνμ* read *οεινμ*.

„ „ 15.—For *αοιῖνε* read *αοῖνε*.

„ „ 18.—For *φιοννουζεῖατα* read *φιαννουζεῖατα*.

Page 46, line 8.—For *ζκοιτσιανν* read *ζκοιτῖννε*.

„ „ 23.—For *φιυβλαο* read *φιυβλαιν*.

„ „ 26.—For *οτυμαρ* read *οτυμαρ*.

Page 48, line 4.—For *ρεζαῖαὐ* read *ρεζαῖαὐ*.

„ „ 5.—For *φιοννουζεῖατα* read *φιαννουζεῖατα*.

„ „ 10.—For *ζαβαὐ* read *ζάβαὐ*.

„ „ 11.—For *βραζάναῆ* read *βράζάναῆ*.

„ „ 23.—For *φιοννουζεῖατα* read *φιαννουζεῖατα*.

Page 50, line 3 (from bottom).—For *μινν* read *μιννε*.

Page 50, lines 4 and 5 (from bottom).—For *αμ νά μαιβ εαγλα νά*
uámain read *νά μαιβ εαγλα na uáman* ορέα.

Page 52, line 20.—For *ι νά μαιβ* read *νά μαιβ*.

„ „ 26.—For *αμ ιρ ρεάρμ ατά αιένη* read *ιρ ρεάρμ ζο βφυλ*
eolar ορέα.

Page 54, line 13.—After *ιρ* insert *α*.

„ „ 14.—For *mnámait* read *innámait*.

„ „ 23.—For *ealairōtib* read *ealairōib*.

„ „ 24.—For *healairōte* read *ealairōe*.

Page 56, line 2 (from bottom).—Insert comma after *ρο*.

Page 58, lines 21 and 23.—For *δορ* read *δοιρ*.

Page 60, line 2.—For *θεαρβράτμαιβ* read *θεαρβράιτρεαδαιβ*.

„ „ 18.—For *éirizō* read *éiriz*.

„ „ 21.—For *φαρασαρ* the more modern usage is *φυαιρ*.

„ „ 26.—For *zéitleaō* read *ι ngéitleaō*.

Page 62, line 10.—For *vo zéilltear* read *α zéilltear*.

„ „ 15.—For *rglabuigeaēt* read *rglábuižeaēt*.

„ „ 23.—For *rtármaitb* read *rtarmaitb*.

Page 64, line 20.—For *rtáim* read *rtair*.

Page 66, line 7.—For *ní* read *níor*.

Page 68, line 10.—Insert *τά* after *αζυρ*.

Page 72, line 15.—For *an Sionnan* read *Seanaiz*.

„ „ 19.—For *bράταιρ* read *βράταιρ*.

Page 76, line 23.—For *ua Comhairle* read *uí Comhairle*.

Page 78, line 15.—For *τορца* read *τόρца*.

„ „ 22.—For *сар-τορца* read *сар-τόρца*, and for *vo pui*
 read *φυαιρ*.

„ „ 27.—For *τα* read *τά*.

Page 80, line 10.—For *rtáim* read *rtair*.

Page 82, line 18.—For *bíodar* the more modern usage is *bí*.

„ „ 27.—For *ιoir* better *αιρ*.

Page 84, line 11.—For *vo meap* better *an meap*.

„ „ 14.—For *τά* read *τόά*.

Page 86, line 19.—For *beirō* read *beaō*.

„ „ 25.—For *teaēt* read *τέαετ*.

Page 88, line 4.—For ρτάρταιβ read ρταρταιβ.

Page 90, lines 10 and 17.—For ρτάρταιβ read ρταρταιβ.

„ line 12.—For ρτάιμιθε read ρταιμιθε.

„ „ 24.—For ρτάμα read ρταμα.

Page 92, line 1.—For ἐρίοϛ read ρρίοϛ.

„ „ 10.—For εἰτεϛ υἱεαρ read εἰτε ἐυἱεαρ.

Page 96, line 3.—For ριοννυῖθεαῖτα read ριαννυῖθεαῖτα.

„ „ 12.—For ρμανκαιῖ read ρμαννκαιῖ.

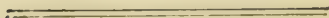
„ „ 20.—For καῖτιῖθε read ἐαῖτιῖθε.

„ „ 24.—For οῖράιτεοιρ read ὀράιτεοιρ.

Page 98, line 2.—For αῖτιρ read αῖτιρε.

„ „ 13.—For ροιλέιμεαῖτ read ροιλέιμεαῖτ.

Page 102, line 12.—For βυαν-κοιμέαῖτα read βυαν-ἐοιμέαῖτα.



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